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MOTION IN THE POEMS OF ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

by



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The undersigned certify that they have read, and recommend to the Faculty of Graduate Studies for acceptance, a thesis entitled Motion in the Poems of Archibald Lampman, submitted by Brian Reynolds Campbell in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts.



## ABSTRACT

This thesis examines motion in the poetry of Archibald Lampman, and leads, finally, to a reinterpretation of Lampman's major poem, "At the Long Sault: May, 1660." It concentrates on two significant instances of motion--breeze and light--and shows how they lead to the center of many of Lampman's poems; however, reference is also made to other forms of motion, circular motion in particular.

In chapter I, Lampman critics are discussed. They are divided into clusters, and their relationship to the argument which follows is made clear. Chapter II introduces breeze and light as forms of motion and examines them as they function in Lampman's landscapes. These images of motion are then related, in Chapter III, to Lampman's social poems, and, in Chapter IV, to his narrative poems. "At the Long Sault: May, 1660," is considered in Chapter V with the help of the insights gained in previous chapters from the analysis of these images of breeze and light.

The primary concern of this thesis is to explore one important strand of the perceptual world of the poet; in such a context, though poetic themes must play a part, nevertheless such themes are neither the point of origin nor the primary concern of this thesis.



## TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I LAMPMAN AND THE CRITICS .....	1
II LAMPMAN AND THE RESTLESS LANDSCAPE .....	8
III LAMPMAN AND SOCIETY .....	33
IV LAMPMAN AND THE NARRATIVE .....	71
V LAMPMAN AND "AT THE LONG SAULT: MAY, 1660" .....	94
FOOTNOTES .....	122
BIBLIOGRAPHY .....	133



## CHAPTER I

### LAMPMAN AND THE CRITICS

To avoid a blizzard of footnotes pointing out the relationship of this thesis to earlier Lampman criticism, this first chapter will give a summary review of that criticism. On the whole, critics have concerned themselves with two areas in their dealings with Lampman: one is the nature of his societal vision -- the thematic concerns of his poetry -- and the other is the quality of his verse. There is basic disagreement in both areas.

The critics who are interested in Lampman's message see him either tightly tied to the Victorian ethic, or they see in his "pessimism" something which links him with modern despair. Leo Kennedy expresses particularly well the position of the critics who see Lampman as another Victorian:

Our quarrel is, perhaps, not so much with Lampman as with his time and poetic tradition. The pot-bellied, serene Protestantism of Victorian England which still flourished in Canada in the spruce youth of Edward, and which underlay Lampman's spiritual make-up, causes us to chafe.<sup>1</sup>

W. E. Collin echoes Kennedy in The White Savannahs, a pioneer work in Canadian criticism. In the chapter devoted to Lampman, "Natural Landscape," he sees Lampman as a victim of "universal law" and "higher criticism" which Canadian letters imported from



the old country in Lampman's time. In a typical Victorian reaction to these critical trends, says Collin, Lampman turned to nature for solace:

In such a foment of impotent distraction what could be more restful to the fevered body and soul than a summer in Muskoka? Ontario has never produced a great poet because none has had the audacity to look at life and think aloud.<sup>2</sup>

Collin becomes even more vehement later in the chapter. He sums up his argument: "The Greeks faced life: Lampman turned his back on humanity."<sup>3</sup> The critics in this school believe Lampman was drowning in the sludge of Victorianism, but other critics like F. W. Watt believe Lampman was surprisingly modern and "human":

Lampman appears to have been interested to the point of fascination in the industrial urban conditions of his environment and all they entailed. His poetry shows him not merely rejecting them -- though he obviously did this at times, as the traditional view of him suggests -- but also coping with and trying to understand them. The latter response can be plainly seen in such poems as "A Night of Storm," which ends after its description of a city during a storm in an apostrophe that shifts the focus from the violence of nature to the violence of human suffering ....<sup>4</sup>

Similarly, Louis Dudek sees Lampman deeply involved in the issues of his age, "the only poet of the Group of '61 who looked sharply at the political and human facts of life."<sup>5</sup> To Dudek, Lampman was "looking ahead with something of a pained squint, and the things he saw are worth looking at more closely from our present more uncompromising point of view."<sup>6</sup> He



finds a "sadness and deep pessimism" not unlike the "stoical world-despair of Housman" which makes Lampman the only early Canadian poet to express the "significant ground-tone of all valuable poetry of the period."<sup>7</sup>

Of the critics who deal with the quality of Lampman's verse, one group dismisses him as a derivative late Romantic with nothing new to say, while the other points to the concrete quality of the Lampman landscape. As early as 1889, William Dean Howells comments on the "delicately pictorial"<sup>8</sup> quality of Among the Millet, and by 1901 John Marshall condemns the poet as derivative. There is no mistaking Marshall's opinion of the poet. He is referring to the complete edition of Lampman's work brought out by Morang in 1899:

One lays aside the volume with a stronger impression than ever of the derivative character of Lampman's work, his lack of originality, his narrow range of thought and feeling and the almost entire absence of any evidence of progress towards clearer and more consistent views of life and art. His poems reveal neither stages in his soul's history nor any large organizing ideas around which, as in great poets, they group themselves. They are merely the isolated expressions of more or less limp and languid moods, begotten rather of reading than of observation or reflection. Instead of the unique and inevitable phrase which no one else could give us, faint echoes and fragments of various voices reach our ears.<sup>9</sup>

Bernard Muddiman, writing in 1915, is, if possible, even harsher. In his view, Lampman was still derivative, but Muddiman hesitates to call him a disciple of Keats, saying his ideas are simple, while those of Keats are complex.<sup>10</sup> Muddiman does not condemn all



the poet's work; he would save a "handful" of sonnets and "one or two" other poems. But Muddiman's generosity is of a peculiar sort, for he goes on to tell us that

Lampman himself staked his reputation on his "Sonnets" and in this he was right. The peculiarly limited field of this form of verse was best suited for his mental strength. A solitary thought could be adorned in all its glory. The slow movement of the surgent and resurgent wave of the sonnet kept admirable pace with the gait of his brain. For he had no wide perceptions in the splendid wayfaring of life.<sup>11</sup>

The fundamentals of this position survive in John Sutherland, who tells us that reading Lampman is "like reading an anthology of romantic poetry in English in the nineteenth century -- arranged in a loose yet quite suggestive chronological order."<sup>12</sup> Roy Daniells has re-stated this position in the Spring, 1969, issue of Canadian Literature in an article entitled "High Colonialism in Canada." Daniells, unlike his predecessors, approves of what Lampman is doing, but he still maintains that Lampman used the "English poetic tradition in order to interpret the Canadian scene. What helps us to identify it as high colonialism is that it is done consciously and with great delight."<sup>13</sup>

Other critics, like Howells, Lilly E.F. Barry, Desmond Pacey, Malcolm Ross, and Raymond Knister take pleasure in "the passion for exactitude in description and in the use of words which gives Lampman's work unusual definiteness and outline."<sup>14</sup> Although critics from Howells to present commentators have taken pleasure in the precision of Lampman's work, few of them,



until quite recently, have supplied close readings of the poems themselves. Desmond Pacey's treatment of "Heat"<sup>15</sup> was the first really thorough work on a Lampman poem by a critic of this group. (This is not to say that Pacey does not receive help from the critics who have gone before. The lines on which he bases his interpretation were called to our attention by W. D. Howells in 1889.<sup>16</sup>) Among the critics who concentrate on Lampman's relationship to his contemporary poetic tradition, the earliest good work before John Sutherland's important article is S. C. Swift's interesting comparison of "Heat" to Leconte de Lisle's "Midi," in an article published in 1927.<sup>17</sup>

When these critics approach a Lampman landscape, they have trouble pinning down just what it is that impresses them. Lilly E. F. Barry calls it "diamond-cut intellectuality";<sup>18</sup> Howells sees it as "pictorial" clarity. I like Malcolm Ross's approach to the poet in his introduction of Poets of the Confederation. Here, Lampman is described as having the "camera eye", but he "is no mere photographer."<sup>19</sup> Somehow, Lampman takes the pieces of the landscape and makes them work for him. The "landscape is made into a symbol of the deep interior processes of the self in motion, or is used, like a hypnotist's bauble, to induce a settling of the troubled surfaces of the mind and a miraculous transparency which opens into the depths."<sup>20</sup>



Perhaps I have given the impression that Lampman criticism is absolutely polarized; if I have done so, that is unfortunate. The matter is one of emphasis. The "derivative" critics place their emphasis on Lampman's relationship to his period and its traditions, while concentrating less on the texts of the individual poems; the critics who praise exactness in Lampman concentrate on the individual poems at the expense of the relationship of his whole range of work to the period. In view of this distinction, certain generalizations about the critics may be made.

Many critics were trying to inflate or condemn Lampman, and we see this clearly in the earlier critics in every group. Kennedy obviously dislikes the poet, while Dudek feels he can identify with him. Marshall and Muddiman loathe Lampman's poetry and exercise their critical wit in castigating it, while Howells and critics like Lilly E.F. Barry<sup>21</sup> believe his work deserves a wider circulation. Lampman's poetry seems to evoke an emotional critical response which has become less respectable with the passage of time. Today, no one denies Lampman a place in Canadian poetry, but neither does anyone deny that his poetry shows traces of English influence in its prosody and images.

In general, critical disputes over Lampman are the result of particular readings of Lampman's works. In articles which claim Lampman is staunchly Victorian, one is likely to



find references to poems like "The Clearer Self," which expresses Victorian ideas of progress and evolving perfection. In Dudek's or Watt's articles, on the other hand, the focus seems to be on a wider range of Lampman's poetry, but there are still a number of poems which receive the most attention: "City of the End of Things," "Alcyone," "A Night of Storm," and "Epitaph on a Rich Man." "Heat" is the favorite poem of those who would praise the quality of Lampman's verse, while "City of the End of Things," "Easter Eve," and "Winter Hues Recalled," are related to the work of Poe, Coleridge, and Wordsworth respectively by those who are interested in Lampman's relationship to the earlier Romantic tradition.

The lines I have drawn in my effort at giving some shape to the criticism in this field are no doubt too rigid, particularly when they are applied to modern criticism, but I think they will help make clear the roots of some of the critical approaches to the poet.



## CHAPTER II

### LAMPMAN AND THE RESTLESS LANDSCAPE

The central paradox of Lampman's great nature poetry is a stability whose fundamental principle is change. Because the elements in Lampman's landscape are just barely moving, there is a superficial impression of inertia; but in its depths, that landscape is restless and changing. Pervading Lampman's best poems is a sense of instability; however, this slow, subtle flux which Lampman perceives in the landscape is constant and is, paradoxically, the source of Nature's stability.

"Winter Evening," a sonnet originally published in Scribner's in December, 1888, is one of the finest examples of a Lampman landscape. It has the finely pictorial quality of all Lampman's best work, and at the same time there is a feeling of unrest, of trouble, just under the surface:

To-night the very horses springing by  
Toss gold from whitened nostrils. In a dream  
The streets that narrow to the westward gleam  
Like rows of golden palaces; and high  
From all the crowded chimneys tower and die  
A thousand aureoles. Down in the west  
The brimming plains beneath the sunset rest,  
One burning sea of gold. Soon, soon shall fly  
The glorious vision, and the hours shall feel  
A mightier master; soon from height to height,  
With silence and the sharp un pitying stars,  
Stern creeping frosts, and winds that touch like steel,  
Out of the depth beyond the eastern bars,  
Glittering and still shall come the awful night.<sup>1</sup>

(243)



Carl Y. Conner rightly calls this poem "a study in gold."<sup>2</sup> "Winter Evening" is a sonnet which roughly observes the standard division of octave and sestet; however, here the thought of the sestet overlaps into the preceding half-line. The poem sets up the golden moment of sunset and then contrasts it with the change that comes when that moment passes. It is not an over-whelmingly original insight; nonetheless, Lampman's handling of the dynamics makes it a great poem.

The secret of the poem is the way that everything in it makes us conscious that the moment, so carefully delineated, is in the process of change. Lampman has a sense of the time it takes for things to happen, and it is nowhere more evident than here. If we measured, on a sort of mental clock, the time it takes to read the lines describing the horses springing by and the smoke from the chimneys expanding and dwindling away, and then compared this with the time we estimated each event to happen in actuality, we would find that the time was approximately the same. In addition, these two opening images - the horses and the smoke - foreshadow the main plan of the poem because they show the rapid change and decay of beauty: the aureoles "tower and die." Furthermore, the movement of the poem is from particular to general, so that our field of vision is constantly expanded. For example, the two opening images are placed in increasing order of size, while the first half of the poem widens to include the whole



western sky-line, an image of warmth with a "burning sea of gold" and "brimming plains." In the second half of the poem, the sestet, our vision expands to include the whole landscape from "height to height."

Desmond Pacey says of Lampman that "dynamic tension is present in all the best of his poetry; the substance of his thought is the ultimately unsuccessful attempt to cherish the dream and keep the nightmare at bay."<sup>3</sup> Ross is more succinct when he says Lampman's poems are "tense with the shadows of opposite values."<sup>4</sup> Here the "glorious vision" becomes the "awful night," and the "burning plains" give way to "Stern creeping frosts, and winds that touch like steel." The change is inevitable and the poem is designed to make us aware of the change, for at the end of the poem we are aware that while we were watching the tremendous warmth of the western sunset, the night was sweeping up behind us from the east. The thrust of the poem is to make us see both sunset and darkness as part of the same process and both things as happening at the same time.

There are two features of "Winter Evening" which are central to Lampman's poetry and this thesis. They are Lampman's use of what M. H. Abrams calls the "correspondent breeze,"<sup>5</sup> and his sense of the quality of light. Abrams' essay ranges over English Romantic poetry and shows how "air-in-motion, whether it occurs as breeze or breath, wind or respiration -- whether the air is compelled into motion by natural forces or by the



action of human lungs"<sup>6</sup> is linked with the state of the poet's mind and his mental processes. Abrams continues:

That the poetry of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron should be so thoroughly ventilated is itself noteworthy; but the surprising thing is how often, in major poems, the wind is not only a property of the landscape, but also a vehicle for radical changes in the poet's mind. The rising wind, usually linked with the outer transition from winter to spring, is correlated with a complex subjective process: the return to a sense of community after isolation, the renewal of life and emotional vigor after apathy and a deathlike torpor, and an outburst of creative power following a period of imaginative sterility.<sup>7</sup>

Abrams goes on to discuss the metaphor as it appears in the poets of the period. Two questions arise: was Lampman aware of this metaphor in the English Romantics; and, regardless of its contemporary use in the English Romantics and Lampman's awareness of it there, did he himself use it in his poetry? I believe this "complex subjective process" appears in Lampman; but I believe it is expanded from air-in-motion to include other kinds of motion as well, namely light-in-motion and a general restlessness which expresses itself in circular movements. I believe that a close study of Lampman's poems reveals that these three forms of motion are not only present, but that the complex process they represent is one basis of understanding Lampman's poetry as a whole.

In my discussion I largely ignore the chronology of Lampman's work for it is of little relevance. Lampman experimented with various sorts of poetry during his career, but he never



abandoned his attachment to the landscape. The "Alcyone" poems appear to be a radical departure from the Lampman of Among the Millet. We know that most of these poems show the influences of Poe and of English Victorian thought, which Lampman absorbed in the early 1890's, but it is wrong to assume that his reading is the source of his social conscience, for we find poems like "The Railway Station" in Among the Millet (1888), while "At the Long Sault: May, 1660," one of his last poems, shows a picture of nature whose roots are in Lampman's early poems.

Lampman writes about breeze in "At the Mermaid Inn," the literary column in the Globe he shared with Duncan Campbell Scott and W. W. Campbell, on February 4, 1893. He attributes national greatness to the quality of the "atmosphere":

In other cities -- even in Rome -- they experienced a decline of power, which they could only attribute to the inferior quality of the atmosphere. I have noticed the same thing in Ottawa. Perched upon its crown of rock, a certain atmosphere flows about its walls, borne upon the breath of the prevailing north-west wind, an intellectual elixir, an oxygenic essence thrown off by immeasurable tracts of pine-clad mountain and crystal lake. In this air the mind becomes conscious of a vital energy and buoyant swiftness of movement rarely experienced in a like degree elsewhere.

In a letter Carl Y. Connor cites in his biography, Lampman talks about poetic power in terms of breeze. Lampman is depressed: "What is a poet? a corridor through which the wind RUSHES, not in which there is an occasional draught. I sometimes manage in lucid moments to make clear to myself what a poet is: the



sensation, or rather the imagination of the sensation is something vast and makes one feel infinitely small."<sup>8</sup> Depressed as he is here, Lampman touches on a truth about his poetry. In the Romantics the breeze rushes more than it does in Lampman. It rushes through Coleridge's "Dejection: An Ode," and it rushes through Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," and it rushes through Wordsworth's Prelude. Admittedly, there is a softer breeze in Romantic poetry; Wordsworth speaks of

A corresponding mild creative breeze,  
A vital breeze which travell'd gently on  
O'er things which it had made, and is become  
A tempest, a redundant energy  
Vexing its own creation

Prelude, 1805 ed., V, 224-228

In Lampman, breezes rarely become "tempests"; they "murmur" more than anything else, and the awareness the breeze brings is of a different kind than that which we usually find in English Romantic poetry. The winds in "Winter Evening" will "touch" the poet after sunset, making him aware of an unpleasant change in the landscape.

Lampman's breeze includes anything which has, or seems to have, a voice in nature. Breeze as the breath of animals is clearest in the complex five-sonnet sequence, "The Frogs." The first and last sonnet serve as introduction and conclusion respectively, while the middle three sonnets interweave the concepts of



morning, noon, night, and spring, summer, autumn. The frogs breathe life into the landscape, and bring the speaker into an understanding of the processes present there. In the poem the frogs are representatives of Nature-or the earth-mother-and they speak and act for her. The first sonnet outlines the frogs' relationship to the speaker and the insight they bring him about the earth-mother:

Breathers of wisdom won without a quest,  
 Quaint uncouth dreamers, voices high and strange;  
 Flutists of lands where beauty hath no change,  
 And wintry grief is a forgotten guest,  
 Sweet murmurers of everlasting rest,  
 For whom glad days have ever yet to run,  
 And moments are as aeons, and the sun  
 But ever sunken half-way toward the west.

Often to me who heard you in your day,  
 With close rapt ears, it could not choose but seem  
 That earth, our mother, searching in what way  
 Men's hearts might know her spirit's inmost dream;  
 Ever at rest beneath life's change and stir,  
 Made you her soul, and bade you pipe for her.

(7)

That the frogs' music is the correspondent breeze of inspiration should be quite evident here. The speaker understands the landscape through them -- they breathe wisdom. At the same time I should point out the "shadows of opposite values" in this sonnet. The land of the earth-mother is one where "beauty hath no change," because earth's dream is at "rest" beneath life's outward change and stir. This is a paradox:



Lampman's conception of stability in change reaches far into the sonnet. The final lines of the octave all, in some sense, express stability in terms of change. The setting sun is frozen in its course; wintry grief is forgotten; the frogs murmur of "everlasting rest," another word for death. The concept of stability in change is developed further in the next three sonnets.

In sonnet two the frogs inspire the landscape to rebirth as they interpret the dream of earth:

Ye piped with voices still and sweet and strange,  
And ever as ye piped, on every tree

The great buds swelled; among the pensive woods  
The spirits of first flowers awoke and flung  
From buried faces the close-fitting hoods....

(8)

They play similar roles in the different worlds of sonnets three and four. Sonnet five sums up the effect of the frogs on the speaker:

And slowly as we heard you, day by day,  
The stillness of enchanted reveries  
Bound brain and spirit and half-closed eyes,  
In some divine sweet wonder-dream astray;  
To us no sorrow or upreared dismay  
Nor any discord came, but evermore  
The voices of mankind, the outer roar,  
Grew strange and murmurous, faint and far away.

Morning and noon and midnight exquisitely,  
Rapt with your voices, this alone we knew,  
Cities might change and fall, and men might die,  
Secure were we, content to dream with you  
That change and pain were shadows faint and fleet,  
And dreams are real, and life is only sweet.

(9-10)



The key to a proper understanding of the last lines is the word "dream". This word refers to earth's vision, which is stability beneath change. In this vision, change and pain are absorbed in a larger structure; they are not ignored in an escapist fashion. And this completed understanding is carried to the "we" of the poem on the breath of the frogs.

In "In November," in Lyrics of Earth the wind is part of an epiphany. The speaker is wandering in the woods when he comes on a patch of dead mulleins, a "silent and forsaken brood." They all stand as if death had caught them at prayer. The wood is quiet and lifeless except for the "wind's secret stir." Suddenly the clouds part and sunshine falls on the clearing, providing a "moment's golden reverie," a "semblance of weird joy," a "sort of spectral happiness." The speaker says he stood,

And shuddering betwixt cold and heat,  
Drew my thoughts closer, like a cloak,  
While something in my blood awoke,  
A nameless and unnatural cheer,  
A pleasure secret and austere.

(160)

It becomes apparent that the wind and the speaker's frame of mind are linked in the word "secret." Lampman equates his creative processes with the landscape through "secret"; because both his creativity, that "something" in his blood, and the wind are the only movement in an otherwise "dead" landscape of which



the speaker is a part.

Breeze is a dominant feature of many Lampman landscapes. In "An Ode to the Hills," for example, the speaker wants to leave the city and

Escape, and breathe once more  
The wind of the Eternal: that clear mood  
(224)

which refreshes and restores his powers. Again in "Among the Timothy" the speaker wants some relief from city life where his brain has been taxed with "barren search and toil;" he wants to go to the country and let his imagination "take what shape it will." One of those shapes is the "gipsy wind" travelling

Hither and thither o'er the rocking grass  
The little breezes, blithe as they are blind,  
Teasing the slender blossoms pass and pass ....  
(15)

In the poem "A Prayer," the breeze is the breath of the earth-mother and again it is the source of creativity. The speaker asks:

O Earth, O dewy mother, breathe on us  
Something of all thy beauty and thy might ....  
(109)

The poem "Invocation" which opens the section of sonnets in The Poems of Archibald Lampman also asks the correspondent



breeze to inspire the poet. He petitions the

Spirit of joy and that enchanted air  
That feeds the poet's parted lips like wine ....  
(255)

In three of these examples (excluding "Among the Timothy") the wind has the function of a muse which the poet invokes for his creative power. In these poems the wind functions as Abrams says -- it is identified with the return of creativity.

I suggested at the beginning of this discussion that the breeze in Lampman was gentler than the one we find in Romantic poetry. There are exceptions to this, of course, and the major one is "Storm." Here the speaker compares his enslavement with the wind's:

O Wind, wild-voiced brother, in your northern cave,  
My spirit also being so beset  
With pride and pain, I heard you beat and rave,  
Grinding your chains with furious howl and fret,  
Knowing full well that all earth's moving things inherit  
The same chained might and madness of the spirit,  
That none may quite forget.  
(32)

When the storm comes, the speaker takes the power of the storm into himself:

Mad moods that come and go in some mysterious way,  
That flash and fall, none knoweth how or why,  
O Wind, our brother, they are yours to-day,  
The stormy joy, the sweeping mastery;  
Deep in our narrow cells, we hear you, we awaken,  
With hands afret and bosoms strangely shaken,  
We answer to your cry.  
(33) (My italics)



This poem is different from Coleridge's "Dejection: An Ode" because in that poem the speaker experiences what he hopes is a "mountain birth" during the storm, a birth which he hopes will live in his spirit after the storm has passed. Here, the speaker stands in an active relationship to the storm, is created by it, and finally wants to sing with it "song for song." This poem is also unlike another great Romantic wind poem, Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," because in "Storm" the effects of the wind are focused more on the poet's soul than on society as a whole.

Restlessness in Lampman's landscapes is not always as troubling as it is in "Winter Evening." Sometimes motion is appreciated for its own sake, and its effects are more relaxing. We can see these variations in three sonnets, "Evening," "April Night," and "A Summer Evening," which can be compared with "Winter Evening." The relaxing qualities of motion in the landscape are particularly evident in "April Night":

How deep the April night is in its noon,  
 The hopeful, solemn, many-murmured night!  
 The earth lies hushed with expectation; bright  
 Above the world's dark border burns the moon,  
 Yellow and large; from forest floorways, strewn  
 With flowers, and fields that tingle with new birth,  
 The moist smell of the unimprisoned earth  
 Comes up, a sigh, a haunting promise. Soon,  
 Ah, soon, the teeming triumph! At my feet  
 The river with its stately sweep and wheel  
Moves on slow-motioned, luminous, gray like steel.  
 From fields far off whose watery hollows gleam,  
 Aye with blown throats that make the long hours sweet,  
 The sleepless toads are murmuring in their dreams.

(185) (My italics)



The poem has many references to voices in the landscape, but here the breeze is more a part of the whole effect than something which dominates it. The italics (added) pick out the pieces which the poem unites in a complex breeze. Most of these elements hinge on a promise of rebirth. As well, the breeze cannot be isolated from the rest of the poem, for it works to help create the overall impression. The tension of opposites in this poem is used to soothe rather than alarm. Tension is present in the contrasts of "night" and "noon," "many-murmured" and "hushed," and "teeming" and "slow-motioned." Here the same kinds of techniques appear to be used to create different effects. The difference between this poem and "Winter Evening" is the difference between promise and foreboding. Lampman also controls the feeling in this poem by the flow of the words in the line. Compare lines 10-14 in this poem with the last six lines of "Winter Evening": the words are soft and rhythmical in this poem, while in "Winter Evening" the words seem shorter and harder -- "sharp," "stern," "touch," and "glittering."

In "Evening," the focus is still on motion in the landscape. There are two kinds of motion in the poem: actual motion - the cows move homeward or the hawk flies past in the quiet evening sky; and apparent motion - the meadow shines, or the woods darken in mystery. In the latter instance, some inanimate feature of the landscape becomes the subject of a word suggesting action.



From upland slopes I see the cows file by,  
 Lowing, great-chested, down the homeward trail,  
 By dusking fields and meadows shining pale  
 With moon-tipped dandelions. Flickering high,  
 A peevish night-hawk in the western sky  
 Beats up into the lucent solitudes,  
 Or drops with griding wing. The stilly woods  
 Grow dark and deep and gloom mysteriously.  
 Cool night winds creep, and whisper in mine ear  
 The homely cricket gossips at my feet.  
 From far-off pools and wastes of reeds I hear,  
 Clear and soft-piped, the chanting frogs break sweet  
 In full Pandean chorus. One by one  
 Shine out the stars, and the great night comes on.  
 (198-199)

Again this poem is relaxing, and again breeze is present in the gossip of the cricket, in the chant of the frogs and especially in the winds. Together these elements form a complex breeze which talks softly to the speaker. "A Summer Evening" is similar to the other two sonnets -- the "pine-wood glooms," there are "mysterious dales," the stars come out -- but ends on an uneasy note, even though the overall impression is one of rest and repose:

The day's long troubles lose their sting and pass.  
 Peaceful the world, and peaceful grows my heart.  
 The gossip cricket from the friendly grass  
Talks of old joys and takes the dreamer's part.  
 The night, the healer, with unnoticed breath,  
 And sleep, dark sleep, so near, so like to death.  
 (298) (My italics)

From these examples it becomes apparent that as the texture of each poem changes, the use Lampman makes of the



correspondent breeze changes: nonetheless, in all these examples, the breeze provides a major clue to the meaning of the poem. In "April Night," part of the restlessness in the poem is generated by the tension between the evening's repose and "fields that tingle with new birth." In "In March," Lampman changes the use he makes of the breeze to correspond with his focus on spring vitality:

The sun falls warm: the southern winds awake:  
The air seethes upwards with a steamy shiver:  
Each dip of the road is now a crystal lake,  
And every rut a little dancing river.  
(179)

Tension is present in the poem, particularly in the phrase "steamy shiver," where heat and cold clash.

In the poems we have examined, Lampman uses breeze as part of a uniform effect. In "Winter-Store," the breeze is the active force in a clash between the speaker's memories of the summer landscape and his awareness of social agony. In the cold depths of the Canadian winter the speaker wants to close himself off and pore over his memories of the more vital seasons:

Then within the bolted door  
I shall con my summer store;  
Though the fences scarcely show  
Black above the drifted snow,  
Though the icy sweeping wind  
Whistle in the empty tree,  
Safe within the sheltered mind,  
I shall feed on memory.  
(171)



This passage comes at the end of six rich pages describing his memories. The reality of winter, however, will not be denied, and it is impressed on the speaker by the correspondent breeze, or in this case, blast:

Yet across the windy night  
 Comes upon its wings a cry;  
 Fashioned forms and modes take flight,  
 And a vision sad and high  
 Of the labouring world down there,  
 Where the lights burn red and warm,  
 Pricks my soul with sudden stare,  
 Glowing through the veils of storm.  
 (171-172)

In this poem the breeze makes the speaker aware of the social landscape rather than the natural landscape.

Light, too, is a form of motion in the Lampman landscape. Things "glitter," "gleam," and "glimmer," and at the same time there is a golden glow about much of his work. Lampman deals with the quality of light and the color of the landscape at the same time. The link is in the words used to describe the two features. Many words which open with "gl" and "g" seem to imply both light-in-motion and golden color in the English language. This is not unusual, for gold, gleam, glow, glimmer, glisten, gild and glare all come from the same Indo-European root. The frequency with which such words appear in Lampman's writing cannot be accidental.<sup>9</sup>

"The Child's Music Lesson" relates the speaker's response



to music with the lighted landscape. "Each note to me is like a golden glow" (88) he says early in the poem, and he notices how, in the landscape around him, "Soft sunlight flickers on the checkered green:/ Warm winds are stirring 'round my dreaming seat," (89) linking the effects of breeze, light, and motion. As the poem progresses, the speaker outlines the two effects the child's playing has on him. It drives away the "settled gloom" of his mind and causes his "waiting buds" to "bloom"; and it causes "old scents" to "creep" into his "inactive brain." The playing brings back "child-heart glories" (my italics) and "untutored dreams"; and at the end of the poem, the speaker addresses the child directly, asking him to "Play on into golden sunshine."

In "April," there is another link between the breeze and light when Lampman describes the evening:

The creamy sun at even scatters down  
A gold-green mist across the murmuring town.

(4)

"April" is a poem where the landscape is juxtaposed with the city, and, in general, it is more about the voice than the vision of the landscape, although both elements exist in the poem. In "A Vision of April," Lampman takes a different approach to the season and personifies the month as "a slender grey-eyed lady" standing beside a brook. In a dream-vision, the speaker sees a meadow and a group of leafless trees in "a net of lucid shadow."



Beyond the meadow there is a slope of wood with "glowing"  
trilliums and "golden-hued" dogtooth, and the brook. April,  
standing beside the brook, is like an angel, and

Something wide as life was given  
To her fixed reverie  
Something noble, something bright,  
Leagues of summer, leagues of light.  
ALS (9) (My italics)

"Sunshine" clings around her and her hair is "glowing"; and  
the speaker imagines himself married to April:

Like a lover by his bride  
In this plot of light shall stand  
I and April hand in hand.  
ALS (9) (My italics)

But the vision vanishes in "a curling mist of gold" (10), and  
a mocking "wailing" wind appears, howling and whistling outside  
his door. It is an interesting meeting of the two worlds of  
association.

In "Ballade of Summer's Sleep," the speaker reflects on  
a summer which has just passed into autumn and is about to  
pass into winter:

The woods that are golden and red for a day  
Girdle the hills in a jewelled case,  
Like a girl's strange mirth, ere the quick death slay  
The beautiful life that he hath in chase.  
(23) (My italics)



He sees his "Dreams" of summer shielding her from the death of winter. The poem, like much of Lampman's nature poetry, is concerned with change in the landscape. Here the inspirations or "Dreams" which the speaker receives from the landscape are manifested in a neat paradox, in order to protect the landscape from change:

Gather ye, Dreams, to her sunny face,  
Shadow her head with your golden hands.  
(23)

Both the dream and the landscape are golden, so the shadowing becomes paradoxical.

"Among the Timothy" is another poem where the speaker finds solace in nature for the trials of city life. The landscape which comforts him is an interplay of breeze and light:

Not far to fieldward in the central heat,  
Shadowing the clover, a pale poplar stands  
With glimmering leaves that, when the wind comes, beat  
Together like innumerable small hands ....  
(15)

And hour by hour all shapes that grow  
Of purple mints and daisies gemmed with gold  
In sweet unrest my visions come and go ....  
(16)

The phrase "sweet unrest" is a particularly appropriate description of the process in the poems in this last section. In "A Vision of April," there is "lucid shadow"; in "Ballade of Summer's



Sleep," the brilliance of the vision is supposed to act as a protecting shadow; and in "Among the Timothy," the "glimmering" poplar is, at the same time, shadowing the clover. These tensions are not upsetting for the speaker in the poems, but we should see that they are similar in kind to the tensions which do cause deeper unrest. In "Among the Timothy," we see the "glimmering" poplar in "the central heat." This suggests that tensions are present between the light and the shade and the heat and the cool of the shadow. The tensions are roughly the same as those in "Winter Evening," where heat and light were present in the "burning sea of gold," and bitter cold and darkness in the "awful night." In "Winter Evening," however, the tensions are not resolved; they are suspended. The differences between "Winter Evening" and the poems of "sweet unrest" illustrate the difference between the two effects nature has on the speaker in Lampman's landscape. In poems of "sweet unrest," the speaker seeks some rest from the troubles of city life; and, the pulsating ebb and flow of the landscape between the polarities in the poem soothes the speaker. In "Winter Evening," the landscape sensitizes the speaker's mind to the unrest present there, and leaves the speaker ( and the reader) tingling with thought, but with none of his questions answered. In both types of poems, breeze and light are important.

"Heat" is a good example of a poem where the speaker's



mind is excited, not soothed, by the landscape. One of the most important things to notice in this poem is the sense of a decreasing field of vision. This is particularly evident in stanzas one, three, five, and six, wherein the speaker moves, respectively, from a wide view of the plains to a focus on the hay-cart; from the burning fields to the gloom beneath the bridge; and from the "hills drenched in light," at the end of stanza five, to the poet under the shade of his hat in stanza six. As well as representing changes in focus, these images reveal the play of other tensions in the poem. The first stanza presents the change from stillness to motion - the hay-cart is the only thing that "seems to move"; while stanzas three to six present the change from light to shadow, and from heat to a certain coolness. At the same time, we should notice the alliteration, as well as the more distinct visual parallels, both of which tie the poem together, and which also tie the speaker to the landscape. The first stanza is dominated by "s" and "l" sounds, as is most of the poem: the plains "reel," the road "seems to swim" up the hill and beyond, a "hay-cart" "steals" "near the summit" with "idly clacking wheels." The hay-cart with its clacking wheels is set apart from the rest of the stanza by the hard "c" sound, and by the motion.

On the visual level, the speaker leaning at rest in the "sloped shadow of my hat" (notice the "s" and "l" sounds) while he drains the heat, is a visual parallel to the water-bugs under



the cool gloom of the bridge and to the cows waiting for the heat to pass in the shadows on the grass. These similarities make the speaker a part of the tension in the poem, for the patches on the grass and the gloom beneath the bridge are cool, while the hay-cart is in the center of the heat.

The tension is more than superficial because the words Lampman uses to describe a supposedly motionless landscape imply motion. The road "reels" and "seems to swim," and then "melts" into the glare. The experience in "Heat" is one of process, and it can be seen in the part verbs play in the description: the sun "soaks" and the shadows "flood," while the landscape seems frozen and the speaker "leans at rest." But the movement of the hay-cart wheels is seen to be parallel with the movement of the speaker's thoughts, which "grow keen and clear."

These adjectives describing the speaker's thoughts are linked to the circularity of the hay-cart wheels by the hard "c" sound and by the position of the two phrases in the poem. The wheels occur at the end of the first stanza, while the description of the speaker's thoughts occurs at the end of stanza six. As the speaker's thoughts begin to work in harmony with the circular motion in the landscape (the road "reels"), the revolving tune of the thrush and the spinning sound of the grasshoppers are identified as instances both of circular motion and of the correspondent breeze in this poem:



A wandering thrush slides leisurely  
 His thin revolving tune.  
 (13)

The grasshoppers spin into mine ear  
 A small innumerable sound.  
 (13) (My italics)

Like the cart wheels, the voices of the animals are in motion, and they are the physical reflections and creators of the speaker's frame of mind. Looked at this way, the landscape becomes a web of matched opposites--hot and cold, light and shadow, dry and wet, stillness and motion--which opposites, in view of their polarities, contain their own opposites within themselves. The obvious examples of this matching of opposites are the "hills drenched in light," and the "sun" which soaks" in the grass. At the end of the poem all these things are drawn into the speaker, into the furnace of his mind, which is paradoxically in the shadow of his hat, and there his thoughts feed on the contradictions in the landscape and grown "keen and clear." In the world of the poem, things are not "always sharp or always sweet," but are part of a process. The discovery of the process is the point of the poem.

This chapter has examined how Lampman's landscapes are informed by a perceptual unity partially centering in his use of breeze and light, and how these images participate in other more general forms of motion. It has also considered



two ways in which the landscape affects the poet. In poems of "sweet unrest," the movement of the landscape between the polarities inherent in it is soothing and brings a feeling of resolution to the speaker's upset soul; while in poems like "Winter Evening," "Heat," and "Winter-Store" the polarities excite the speaker's mind because there is no resolution. The differences in the way these two groups of poems are written should be noted. The "sweet unrest" poems contain relatively strong echoes of English voices, particularly in Lampman's use of the correspondent breeze and his frequent use of personification. Poems of "sweet unrest" outnumber poems of "restless tension" by a wide margin in The Poems of Archibald Lampman.

I think, in the light of these comments, the differences among the critics of Lampman's nature poetry can be understood. Critics like Collin are right, in general, when they say Lampman looked on nature as a release from the trials of life;<sup>10</sup> and they are right, in general, when, like Marshall,<sup>11</sup> Muddiman,<sup>12</sup> and H. K. Gordon they complain about his "outland phraseology."<sup>13</sup> Sometimes they even come close to an insight into how the poems are made, as Muddiman does when he speaks of the "slow movement of the surgent and resurgent wave"<sup>14</sup> of a Lampman sonnet. The trouble with critics who see Lampman as a Romantic wilting on the Canadian vine is that they ignore the poems which are exceptions to their



evaluations. Marshall, Collin and Kennedy do not mention "Heat" in their articles, and present Lampman's poetry as a unified non-achievement. Part of the blindness of Kennedy and Collin stems from the blindness of the thirties toward Romantic poetry in general.

Desmond Pacey and Malcolm Ross are aware of those poems the others missed, but I do not think they are aware of how one group of poems grows out of the other. They see tremendous tension in the poems they like, but they fail to recognize that the tension can be understood in the context of those poems in which Lampman sinks back, exhausted, on the swelling bosom of nature.

This chapter has examined the concern of Lampman's perception with things-in-motion, and has, in particular, concentrated on the role of two of those things--breeze and light--in Lampman's landscape poetry. The next chapter will consider the nature of Lampman's societal vision and the role played by motion, breeze, and light in Lampman's societal poetry.



## CHAPTER III

### LAMPMAN AND SOCIETY

Lampman's social poetry is considered in this chapter with the help of the critical approach developed in Chapter II. At the same time, the influence of Lampman's reading on his poetry is studied. By "social poetry" I mean poetry the subject of which is people or society. Poems like "The Frogs" or "Among the Timothy" are not social poems because the primary emphasis is on nature, not on the city which is left behind. Lampman's social poetry is of three types: observational, where the speaker is primarily an observer; comparative, where the city and the country are contrasted; and analytical, where a stance towards reality is indicated. There are two types of observational poetry. The first type shares some qualities with the nature poetry in Among the Millet. The speaker observes a social landscape alive with tensions and experiences a wonder not unlike that of the landscape poems. In the second type, the speaker is emotionally repulsed by what he is observing.

The two best examples of the first type of observational poem, "The Railway Station" and "A Forecast," are both in Among the Millet. In both poems, but particularly in "The Railway Station," one can see how opposites excite the speaker's mind. In "The Railway Station," much of the



effect comes from the way light flashes out of darkness and the way the engine screams and hisses. These are important instances of breeze and light in a mechanical and human landscape:

The darkness brings no quiet here, the light  
 No waking: ever on my blinded brain  
 The flare of lights, the rush, and cry, and strain,  
 The engines' scream, the hiss and thunder smite:  
 I see the hurrying crowds, the clasp, the flight,  
 Faces that touch, eyes that are dim with pain:  
 I see the hoarse wheels turn, and the great train  
 Move labouring out into the bourneless night.  
 So many souls within its dim recesses,  
 So many bright, so many mournful eyes:  
 Mine eyes that watch grow fixed with dreams and guesses;  
 What threads of life, what hidden histories,  
 What sweet or passionate dreams and dark distresses,  
 What unknown thoughts, what various agonies!

(116)

In "A Forecast," the speaker speculates on the future of an attractive woman he is observing. To the speaker, the future depends on the sort of person she marries. If he is "great and pure," (117) the beauty of the woman will endure; but if he is something else he shall see "The whirlwind ripen, where he sowed the calm" (117). In both these early poems, Lampman does not have a vision of the world in which people are completely happy or inherently good. The effect of the poems is the result of a paradoxical view of reality coupled with an empathy between the speaker and the situation he is describing.

Lampman's observational social poems share the



techniques of the landscape poems, but there are no poems of "sweet unrest" here. Their effect is more like that of "Winter Evening" than of "April." Although the subject matter has changed, the eye of the observer remains the same. The change in subject has confused some critics. Raymond Knister feels "Railway Station" is "scarcely representative, but the more to be valued"<sup>1</sup> in terms of Lampman's work. What Knister misses is the perceptual unity of Lampman, particularly his recurrent use of breeze and light which plays a major role in "The Railway Station."

"Epitaph on a Rich Man" is a good example of the emotional repulsion and moral tone of the second type of observational poetry. Lampman's use of light in this poem is ironic because the rich man's "glitter" is a perversion of the associations Lampman attaches to that word in the landscape:

He made himself a great name in his day,  
 A glittering fellow on the world's hard way,  
 He tilled and seeded and reaped plentifully  
 From the black soil of human misery;  
 He won great riches, and they buried him  
 With splendour that people's want makes grim;  
 But some day he shall not be called to mind  
 Save as the curse and pestilence of his kind.  
       ALS (19) (My italics)

Setting the seemingly "glittering" quality of the man, his riches, and the "splendour" of his burial against the blackness of the soil and the people's want, Lampman develops a pattern of contrast. In the first four lines, the contrast



occurs in paired lines, while in lines five and six it is within the line. In line five, there is a tension between the suggested color of "riches" and the blackness of the ground where the rich man is buried, and in line six the tension is between the "splendour" of wealth and the grimness of want. We do not find the mixture of joy and sorrow of "The Railway Station," but rather a more uniform ugliness and emotional reaction to the subject of the poems. "Epitaph on a Rich Man" is a poem which reveals light in this new context.

"A Night of Storm" reveals how breeze and light can work together in Lampman's societal poetry. This poem is saturated with these images, and the effect they have on the speaker's mind is reversed. They are no longer creative forces. They are destructive and deadly. They bring agony:

O city, whom gray stormy hands have sown  
 With restless drift, scarce broken now of any,  
 Out of the dark thy windows dim and many  
 Gleam red across the storm. Sound is there none,  
 Save evermore the fierce wind's sweep and moan,  
 From whose gray hands the keen white snow is shaken  
 In desperate gusts, that fitfully lull and waken,  
 Dense as night's darkness round thy towers of stone.  
 Darkling and strange art thou thus vexed and chidden;  
 More dark and strange thy veiled agony,  
 City of storm in whose gray heart are hidden  
 What stormier woes, what loves that groan and beat,  
 Stern and thin-cheeked, against time's heavier sleet,  
 Rude fates, hard hearts, and prisoning poverty.

(115-116)

The wind becomes identified with the suffering gray heart of the city of this poem; the moaning of the wind comes to



represent the agony of the people who dwell there and, at the same time, the agony of the speaker who is observing both the city and the storm. The importance of the identity between the city and the storm is obvious in the title of the poem and in the apostrophe with which it opens: "O city, whom gray stormy hands have sown." This poem can be compared with "Storm," which was discussed in the last chapter. In that poem, the noise of the storm wind is the sound of it grinding its chains and freeing itself from its prison. Finally, the speaker and the wind are united in the "mad mood" of creativity.

In this poem we are aware of darkness much more than light, and that is as it should be. There is, however, one example of a gleam in this poem: the "windows dim and many/ Gleam red across the storm." (115). This deserves close attention because it is the only instance of light in the poem and therefore stands out strongly against the otherwise black background. The "gleam" here, however, is still a part of the main thrust of the poem. The description gives one a feeling that the light is yellow red, if "gleam" is interpreted as having a yellow quality about it. "According to Goethe, a yellow red produces an incredible shock and seems literally to bore itself into the organ of sight; it disturbs and enrages animals";<sup>2</sup> such seems to be the effect Lampman achieves here. The gleam in this poem produces upset rather than



reverie.

In the sonnet "To A Millionaire," the light and the gleam are again important. This poem is like "Epitaph on a Rich Man" in its use of the associations of gold and gleam. The octave is a description of the millionaire, while the sestet describes the results of his life:

The world in gloom and splendour passes by,  
 And thou in the midst of it with brows that gleam,  
 A creature of that old distorted dream  
 That makes the sound of life an evil cry.  
 Good men perform just deeds, and brave men die,  
 And win not honour such as gold can give,  
 While the vain multitudes plod on, and live,  
 And serve the curse that pins them down: But I  
 Think only of the unnumbered broken hearts,  
 The hunger and the mortal strife for bread,  
 Old age and youth alike mistraught, misfed,  
 By want and rags and homelessness made vile,  
 The griefs and hates, and all the meaner parts  
 That balance thy one grim misgotten pile.  
 (276-277) (My italics)

Lampman refers to the millionaire's vision as "that old distorted dream," a phrase which seems to describe both the man himself and the poem as a delineation of him. Lampman here reverses and distorts those things which brought him into a "dream" state in the landscape poems, and shows how they create a nightmare in a social setting. The millionaire is a distortion of Nature, so his vision is "that old distorted dream." The argument could be made that the "tension of opposites" still plays a major role in this poem. After all, the world is made up of "gloom and splendour." However,



one may note that there are no opposites active within the subject under consideration. In "Winter Evening," the opposites were part of a unified landscape. The millionaire is uniform--his brows "gleam," his honour is his "gold"--and the tension in the poem is generated by contrasting his gleaming presence with the dark and grinding want of the poor; hence, the millionaire's gleam is perverted. The tone of these poems is a tone of outrage and indignation, and not the tone of questioning and wonder which seems to dominate the landscape poems and such social poems as "The Railway Station."

Lampman writes about the effects of greed twice in "At the Mermaid Inn" in the Globe. In his Christmas column, December 24, 1892, he notices how, in the festive season of the year, even those who "brood" over their money open their hearts a little. The rest of the column is devoted to a consideration of the social injustices and grinding poverty which exist because of greed and which are not alleviated by a false show of compassion at Christmas. Earlier in the year, on September 24, he argues that the importance people attach to the possession of wealth "is due to a species of madness or mental blindness which is endemic in no particular country." The column attributes almost all social evils to the "madness," and points out that if the true transitory nature of wealth were recognized, many of



the problems would be solved. Wealth

...vanishes like smoke at the touch of death, and they  
[seekers of wealth] carry nothing with them, if it be true  
that there is a life beyond the grave, but the hardened,  
distorted and attenuated soul.

If, all at once, through some strange moral awaken-  
ing, men could be got to see the miserable emptiness and  
vulgarity of the desire for riches, the work of the social  
and political reformer would be made beautifully straight  
before him.

"The Modern Politician" is a sonnet similar to the  
two poems on the distorted world of wealth. Leadership  
has decayed since the days of royalty and nobility, and only  
frail imitations have taken the place of decent kings:

Gone are the grandeurs of the world's iron youth,  
When kings were mighty, being made of swords.  
Now comes the transit age, the age of brass ....  
(277)

"Grandeur" seems to have distinct visual connotations in  
this poem, because now the "clowns" are "Blinding the multi-  
tude with specious words" to achieve their ends--a tin king-  
ship, a cheap sort of grandeur of their own where

they glitter, each his little day,  
The little mimic of a vanished king.  
(277) (My italics)

"The City," in Alcyone, is a good compendium of the  
images which dominate Lampman's social landscapes. The  
poem opens with a picture of the city in a beautiful setting,



but there is an undercurrent of trouble in the apparent beauty:

Thou art fair as the hills at morning,  
 And the sunshine loveth thee,  
 But its light is a gloom of warning  
 On a soul no longer free.  
 (215)

The city suffers from the "curses of gold" and the madness gold brings. Its citizens move with "hurrying feet" in endless anxiety, and through doors "that darken never" one can "hear the engines beat" (216). In the "midnight's windy hollow," the ear is assaulted by "the roar of trains" (216). The image of the trains looks back to "The Railway Station," and the beating of the engines in never-dimming light looks forward to "The City of the End of Things." The beat of the engines and the roar of the trains are, in part, the correspondent breeze in this poem.

To this point, the argument has held that the imagery in much of Lampman's societal poetry is an inversion, a distortion, of imagery in the landscape poems. In Chapter II, Abrams' definition of breeze was used in a general manner. It was then demonstrated, with particular emphasis on "The Frogs," that one of the sources of breeze in Lampman is the voices of animals. In the unnatural world it is not unlikely that natural sources of the breeze will be replaced by mechanical sources. This is in fact the case, as a close



examination of the following five stanzas from "The City" will show:

I see the crowds for ever  
     Go by with hurrying feet;  
 Through doors that darken never  
     I hear the engines beat.

Through days and nights that follow  
     The hidden mill-wheel strains;  
 In the midnight's windy hollow  
     I hear the roar of trains.

And still the day fulfilleth,  
     And still the night goes round,  
 And the guest-hall boometh and shrilleth,  
     With the dance's mocking sound.

In the chambers of gold elysian,  
     The cymbals clash and clang,  
 But the days are gone like a vision  
     When the people wrought and sang.

And toil hath fear for neighbour,  
     Where singing lips are dumb,  
 And life is one long labour,  
     Till death or freedom come.

- (216)

In stanza five the speaker says the "singing lips" of the people are dumb. Looking back to Abrams' definition, one can see that one source of the correspondent breeze has been silenced. Are there other sources of natural breeze which have been silenced; and if they have been silenced, what has taken their place? In stanza one of this extract, the reader is aware of only the beat of the engines, but in stanza two there can be no question that the relaxing world of the "midnight's windy hollow" has been replaced by



the "roar" of trains. The last two lines of stanza four state what has been replaced, while the preceding ten lines outline what has replaced it, or the degraded nature of what is left behind. The gold chambers are what the people wrought, but they are now degraded by the mechanical clang and clash of the cymbals, which can be read as a form of breeze. The song of the people has been replaced by the "mocking sound," the shrill boom, of the dance hall. In general, Lampman points out how natural sound, one form of the breeze, has been replaced by mechanical and inhuman cacophony. This change accompanies the death of creativity in the people; thus the days when they "wrought" are gone. This is a functional reversal of the "complex subjective process" usually associated with the correspondent breeze.

At the same time, Lampman makes the importance of light in this distorted world quite clear. The curse of "gold" is destroying the people, and in the factories, the doorways are always bright. At the same time, the entertainment halls in this nightmare city are "chambers of gold" filled with cheapness. Light, too, has become a curse.

Comparative social poems are poems in which the emphasis is at least shared equally by the city and the landscape. "Freedom," in Among the Millet, places the emphasis definitely on nature and the "earth-mother," but the opening four stanzas draw a strong comparison between the two worlds,



wherein Lampman uses the same motifs to describe these worlds. In stanzas two and three the contrast is particularly obvious:

Out of the heat of the usurer's hold,  
 From the horrible crash of the strong man's feet;  
 Out of the shadow where pity is dying;  
 Out of the clamour where beauty is lying,  
 Dead in the depth of the struggle for gold;  
 Out of the din and the glare of the street;

Into the arms of our mother we come,  
 Our broad strong mother, the innocent earth,  
 Mother of all things beautiful, blameless,  
 Mother of hopes that her strength makes tameless,  
 Where the voices of grief and of battle are dumb,  
 And the whole world laughs with the light of her mirth.

(17)

Things are paired off and contrasted almost line for line in these two stanzas. The usurer's hold matches the mother's arms; the strength of the tyrant matches the strength of the mother; the things which are destroyed in the city are preserved in the country; and the tumult is calmed in the country, where the "glare of the street" is replaced with the "light" of the mother's mirth.

In the first stanza of the extract from "Freedom," the inverted breeze is present in the three references to the sound of the city. First, there is the "crash" of the strong man's feet; but the last two instances are more important, for they are linked with the decay of beauty. The key words here are "clamour" and "din." These words become part and



parcel of the distorted struggle for gold. In the country, the "voices of grief" are silenced, and laughter takes their place. In the concluding section of the poem we are in the country, where "winds restore us," (19) but Lampman's use of breeze is more subtle than mere references to wind.

Lampman makes much of bird-song in this poem. We hear the "high-ho shouts from the smoky clearing," (17) "the robins (who) are loud with their voluble whistle," (18) "the restless bobolink (who) loiters and woos," (18) and "the pensive throats of the shy birds" (19). This is Lampman's breeze as the voice of animals, and we see this clearly in his work with the bobolink, when we compare this sound with the sound of the earlier stanzas:

Where the restless bobolink loiters and woos  
 Down in the hollows and over the swells,  
 Dropping in and out of the shadows,  
 Sprinkling his music about the meadows,  
 Whistles and little checks and coos,  
 And the tinkle of glassy bells....  
 (18-19)

There is also natural gold in the landscape, for we find swamps "Where the burnished cup of the marigold gleams" (18).

The setting in the first part of "The Poet's Song" seems to be an extended metaphor for the city. The poet sits in a "red corner" in the wall, estranged from his surroundings and unable to create; his surroundings seem to justify the poet's remarks in the last stanza of the first part



of the poem, when he replies to the King's request for a song:

"What seeks he of the leafless tree,  
The broken lute, the empty spring?  
Yea, tho' he gave his crown to me,  
I cannot sing!"

(213)

In general, the setting is made up of monotonous motion, monotonous noise, incredible glare, and terrific heat. The poem seems to be a reversal of "Heat" in the way its elements affect the central figure. These three stanzas near the beginning of the poem give an idea of the oppressive atmosphere which pervades the first half of "The Poet's Song":

Within the palace court the rounds  
Of glare and shadow, day and night,  
Went ever with the same dull sounds,  
The same dull flight:

The motion of slow forms of state,  
The far-off murmur of the street,  
The din of couriers at the gate,  
Half-mad with heat:

Sometimes a distant shout of boys  
At play upon the terrace walk,  
The shutting of great doors, and noise  
Of muttered talk.

(211)

Heat is everywhere in the poem. The city is on a "burning plain," the town square is a "heated close," and outside the walls the grass withers "joint by joint." The correspondent breeze seems to be solidly identified with the conversation of the city dwellers in the first part of the poem. This is the



inverted breeze, although it is "compelled into motion...by the action of human lungs," rather than by the action of machines, as it often is in Lampman's societal poetry. The feeling of estrangement is strengthened every time the people speak. The sentry makes "the night wearier with his shrill/Monotonous call," (212) and people's laughter annoys the poet:

And once across the heated close  
 Light laughter in a silver shower  
 Fell from fair lips: the poet rose  
 And cursed the hour.  
 (212)

This action by the poet is not typical. In most of the first half of the poem, the poet sits in a trance seeing nothing and hearing nothing. In effect, his awareness, which is the source of his creative power, is destroyed by his environment--an exact opposite of the process in "Heat." Even the noon hour has no effect:

Sometimes with clank of hoofs and cries  
 The noon through all its trance was stirred:  
 The poet sat with half-shut eyes,  
 Nor saw, nor heard.  
 (212)

We should not confuse the poet's "half-shut" eyes with the "dream" state which connotes the speaker's union with nature in the landscape poems. Here, creative powers are dead.

Lampman speaks out strongly on the sterility of society in "At the Mermaid Inn" in his column of December



3, 1892, wherein he says that the conversation of people at social gatherings seems hollow and absurd. The situation is "apparent to anyone who will sit composedly for a few minutes in a quiet corner of some crowded drawing room and mark the medley of mechanical noises about him--the unreal laughter and phantastic gibberish that fill up the intervals of conversation." This comment is particularly relevant to "The Poet's Song," showing that Lampman sees what was once a part of the natural breeze has become sterile and mechanical in a decayed context. The comment is also a good key to the imagery in poem's like "The City of the End of Things" and "The City," a poem already discussed.

In the second part of "The Poet's Song," the approach and final experience of an evening storm awakens the poet in a metaphorical way. He restrings his lute, leaves the city, and recovers his creative powers when he becomes part of the storm breaking over the countryside:

By wild mountain-gorges, stirred,  
The shepherds in their watches heard,  
Above the torrent's charge and clang,  
The cleaving chant of one that sang.

(214)

The poet's awakening seems to be the breaking of "a spell." The forces which arouse him are not the full forces of the storm, but the first hints of motion which precede the storm. There were



creeping winds that hardly blew;  
 A shadow from the looming west,  
 A stir of leaves, a dim unrest ....  
 (213)

It is hardly necessary to point out that this is another visitation of the breeze that barely blows and thus a return to the unrest which dominates Lampman's landscape poetry. Because the storm is at night, there is not much light in the second part of the poem, but the poet is still connected with golden things. Before he leaves the city he restrings his lute with "gold" strings, and as he strides out of the city gate he has "gleaming eyes and brow bent down" (213).

Collin and Kennedy charge that Lampman ignores social reality to lean on the breast of nature. Lampman seems to have anticipated this vision of his works in his poems, particularly in "Winter-Store," and in his column in the Globe. Sometimes he seems to dismiss his critics in advance, humorously. According to Carl Y. Connor, Lampman "had an unfailing sense of humor"<sup>3</sup> which displayed itself well in his writings and work at Trinity College. As Scribe, Lampman included in his work "parodies in the metre of the 'Ancient Mariner,' 'Hiawatha,' and of the Classics, in making of which he was an adept."<sup>4</sup> The poem "One Day," in Among the Millet, is a parody of Lampman's own poetry in the light of his awareness of social injustice. The jogging rhythm and the regular rhyme scheme seem bouncy and



light, perfectly matching the material in the opening stanza of the poem:

The trees rustle; the wind blows  
     Merrily out of the town;  
 The shadows creep, the sun goes  
     Steadily over and down.  
                                   (41)

But the poem steadily darkens as it progresses through its six stanzas, and as the subject of the poem moves away from the landscape and towards society. The fourth and fifth stanzas of this poem are especially effective:

The hermit hears the strange bright  
     Murmur of life at play;  
 In the waste day and the waste night  
     Times to rebel and to pray.

The labourer toils in gray wise  
     Godlike and patient and calm;  
 The beggar moans; his bleared eyes  
     Measure the dust in his palm.  
                                   (42)

"One Day" deals with the same problem as "Winter-Store," but from a different angle. Lampman's unhappiness over a vision of reality exclusively focused on the landscape expresses itself in parody. He presents the same problem in "At the Mermaid Inn" on June 4, 1892. His tongue-in-cheek characterization of himself and his reactions to the sonneteer anticipate the 1930's view of Lampman articulated by Collin and Kennedy:



My friend the sonneteer has been at it again. He knows in what abhorrence I hold those persons -- so exasperatingly numerous in our time -- who profane and misapply the sonnet, and he takes a sort of inhuman delight in torturing me with sonnets of his own composition on all sorts of flippant and improper subjects. He came into my room the other day with two papers in his hand. I knew at once what that peculiar grin of malevolent satisfaction meant. "I am going to treat you to a couple of sonnets," he said. "I am sure they will give you pleasure," and drawing a chair to the table he carefully spread out the first of the papers before him and began to read as follows:

### FALLING ASLEEP.

Slowly my thoughts lost hold on consciousness  
 Like waves that urge but cannot reach the shore.  
 Once and again I wakened, and once more  
 The wind sighed in, and with a lingering stress  
 Brushed the loose blinds. Out of some far recess  
 There came a groping as of steps: a door  
 Creaked; mice are scuffling underneath the floor.  
 And then, when all the house stood motionless,  
 Something dropped sharply overhead. A deep  
 Dead silence followed. Only half aware  
 I sat and strove to awaken, and fell flat.  
 A moment after, step by step, a cat  
 Came plumping softly down the attic stair;  
 And then I turned, and then I fell asleep.

"Well," I said, "that doesn't seem to be so bad -- in a certain sense, from a certain point of view -- rather true to life, quite picturesque in fact -- but could you not have arranged to cast your impression in some more suitable form a little less ridiculously inapplicable to the smallness and homeliness of your subject?" "No I couldn't," answered my friend, fixing me with a defiant glare. "The best way to impress your subject on the reader is to cast it in a totally unsuitable form. It's the contrast that does it, you know," and he took up the other paper, and read the following utterly atrocious and impudent production: --



## REALITY.

I stand at noon upon the heated flags  
 At the bleached crossing of two streets, and dream,  
 With brain scarce conscious, how the hurrying stream  
 Of noonday passengers is done. Two hags  
 Stand at an open doorway piled with bags  
 And jabber hideously. Just at their feet  
 A small, half-naked child screams in the street.  
 A blind man yonder, a mere hunch of rags,  
 Keeps the scant shadow of the eaves, and scowls,  
 Counting his coppers. Through the open glare  
 Thunders an empty waggon, from whose trail  
 A lean dog shoots into the startled square,  
 Wildly revolves and soothes his hapless tail,  
 Piercing the noon with intermittent howls.

"Certainly you have outdone yourself this time," I  
 cried. "You have violated every law of moral dignity and  
 literary decency. I prefer not to hear any more of your so-  
 called sonnets." My friend instead of answering me broke out  
 into a roar of coarse and offensive laughter. He crushed up  
 his papers into a couple of pellets, and, filliping them into my  
 face, strode rudely out of the room. The poor fellow has  
 talent if he would only apply it in a serious and sensible way.

The latter portion of this chapter on Lampman's social  
 verse will deal with relationship of the poetry to some of the  
 dominant trends in Nineteenth Century thought. Writers of  
 the Nineteenth Century ranged wide, and Lampman's poetry  
 presents a fair sampling of that range. He writes poems which  
 express despair and loneliness and poems which express a firm  
 belief in gradual progress. Both these themes are character-  
 istic of the period. Elsewhere in Lampman's work one can find  
 the machine-breaking tendencies of John Ruskin, William Morris,  
 and, to a certain extent, Samuel Butler. It is interesting to



note that Lampman's treatment of machines, particularly the description of them in "The City of the End of Things," is important in relation to an image in "At the Long Sault: May, 1660." The metaphor of the bull moose, encircled and finally driven to earth by a pack of wolves, with which Lampman describes the death of Daulac and his companions, has strong connections with the language of the machine descriptions.

The opening parts of this discussion concentrate on the background to Lampman's poems, laying aside for the moment the central concern of this thesis with motion. This is done in an attempt to clear away some of the more foolish critical misconceptions which present Lampman as a socially naive and unaware poet.

Among the critics, there is agreement that Lampman was strongly influenced by Morris and less strongly by Ruskin and Butler. Roy Daniells feels "much of his mildly utopian thinking was identical with sentiments in News from Nowhere."<sup>5</sup> Munroe Beattie credits "John Ruskin and William Morris" with being "the begetters of Lampman's socialist notions; they and his observations of life in Canada in that post-Confederation era of enterprise and exploitation, the years of 'Mammon and Might,' as he called them."<sup>6</sup> W. E. Collin also thinks Lampman was strongly influenced by Morris. He felt Morris's "Nordic" sensibility (Collin is no doubt referring to Morris's translation



of the Heimskringla) helped Lampman interpret "the northness of Canada."<sup>7</sup> Collin does not mention Morris's social views. Desmond Pacey also points to Ruskin and Morris,<sup>8</sup> among others, as strong influences on the development of Lampman's thought. Pacey's summary is surprisingly close to the one we find in Connor's biography; both of them point out the intellectual vigor of Ottawa and the amazing number of differing viewpoints there were among Lampman's friends. Connor writes:

In Ottawa at this time there was a group of men, typical of their century in intellectual curiosity but superior perhaps to most Canadians, in their serious and persistent interest in social and political problems. Some of these were W. D. LeSeur, Rev. Mr. Walkley, A. C. Campbell, J. H. Brown, James Macoun, Wilfred Campbell, D. C. Scott and Lampman. These met informally from time to time to discuss current problems. In addition, there was a Progressive Club which discussed Science and Religion and the many problems arising from the writings of Darwin and Huxley. No doubt Lampman was influenced somewhat by the flaming socialism of his friend, James Macoun. With A. C. Campbell, he could argue vigorously but never be quite converted by him to Henry George's view of single tax. He was said to be a Fabian, but it is doubtful if he ever identified himself very definitely with any sect.<sup>9</sup>

Neither Connor nor Pacey relates Darwin to any specific poem. E. K. Brown suggests that Lampman shows the influence of both Butler and Morris in "The Land of Pallas,"<sup>10</sup> and that "The City of the End of Things" is a "Butlerian Nightmare."<sup>11</sup>

All this is fair enough, but it does little to help an interpretation of poems like "Man's Future" or "The Clearer Self" where the thought seems different and not at all like Ruskin or Morris. These poems express a belief in progress



which would seem to come to Lampman by way of Lewes out of Darwin. George Henry Lewes was the author of A Biographical History of Philosophy which Lampman was reading late in 1891. In a letter to E. W. Thomson he says,

I am no longer reading Charles Reade. I have clothed myself in severity and am working through Lewis' (sic) History of Philosophy. I was becoming weary of my ignorance of such things.<sup>12</sup>

The discrepancy in spelling is probably the fault of A.S.

Bourinot who edited the letters from manuscript. Lewes is the famous text of the times: Darwin refers to it in The Origin of Species. Lewes had a belief that the philosophical and speculative past was yielding ground to a scientifically based present, and that year by year man's knowledge increased and man improved. Here is Lewes in the introduction to his work:

Positive Science is further distinguished from Philosophy by the incontestable progress it everywhere makes. Its methods are stamped with certainty, because they are daily extending our certain knowledge; because the immense experience of years and of myriads of intelligences confirms their truth, without casting a shadow of suspicion on them. Science then progresses, and must continue to progress. Philosophy only moves in the same endless circle.<sup>13</sup>

Lewes hints later that expansion of knowledge will lead to an expansion of man. If we add Darwin's remarks on the



process of natural selection the source of some of Lampman's thought is evident:

If then, animals and plants do vary, let it be ever so slightly or slowly, why should not variations or individual differences, which are in any way beneficial, be preserved and accumulated through natural selection, or the survival of the fittest? If man can by patience select variations useful to him, why, under changing and complex conditions of life, should not variations useful to nature's living products often arise, and be preserved or selected? What limit can be put to this power, acting during long ages and rigidly scrutinising the whole constitution, structure, and habits of each creature, -- favouring the good and rejecting the bad? I can see no limit to this power, in slowly and beautifully adapting each form to the most complex relations of life.<sup>14</sup>

"The Clearer Self" combines the Darwinian idea of improvement from generation to generation with religion. In this poem, the "human soul" is "The Energy" which from a monstrous past grows slowly towards perfection. As the speaker shares in this process of improvement in the world soul, he too is improved and becomes the "clearer self, the grander me!" (200) This poem is unlike the best of Lampman's work in that it does not use landscape. There is some mention of light in the third stanza, but it does not have the power or the precision of Lampman's other work:

How through the ancient layers of night,  
     In gradual victory secure,  
 Grows ever with increasing light  
     The Energy serene and pure ....  
                                     (199)



"Man's Future" is a later and better poem, written May 1, 1898, according to E. K. Brown. It is a sonnet of unusual form, with the sestet preceding the octave, and both written in rhyming couplets. Man is compared to an elm. The elm is a perfectly finished thing which "Fulfils its law of being utterly." In other words, natural selection has perfectly matched the tree to its environment. Man is not like the tree, because he is still "unfinished." He will be complete only after many an age when he becomes "Finally balanced to a rhythmic whole." The poem applies the idea of gradual but relentless progress to all areas of human endeavor:

Yon elm-tree towering at its perfect ease  
 With level fleece and pendent draperies,  
 What man with all the gifts of all his lands  
 Can match its clean perfection as it stands?  
 None, for that noble and harmonious tree  
 Fulfils its law of being utterly:

What nature meant the elm for from of yore  
 Even now it is, and time can do no more.  
 But man is still unfinished: many an age  
 Must bear him slowly onward stage by stage  
 In long adjustment, -- mind and flesh and soul  
 Finally balanced to a rhythmic whole,  
 Installed at last in his appointed place,  
 Divine in beauty and undreamed of grace.

ALS (34)

"The Land of Pallas" is one of Lampman's longest social poems. In the original manuscript of it, the depth of Lampman's involvement in the Nineteenth Century world of ideas is



evident. The feelings of despair and the general belief in progress which existed side by side at this time can be felt clashing through the poem. In "The Land of Pallas," Lampman sets forth his "social ideal"; E. K. Brown has said all that needs to be said about the poem itself:

The land he dreams of is one where the voices are sweet, with the essential sweetness of fine feelings; where houses and gardens are quiet and beautiful; where work goes on in the open air and is followed by kindly festival; where everyone has enough and no one has great wealth or great power; where there is no army, no judiciary, no caste, no marriage, no king; where honour is reserved to matters of language and wisdom; where one man understands his neighbour as an affinity and is understood in return. As in Erewhon, machinery has been scrapped and stored in museums to remind the malcontent of an era of horror. This is the land of Pallas--it is almost Morris's "Nowhere": we could attain it, Lampman says, if we wished; but its advocate is repressed by the rulers of our society as an anarchist and by the masses avoided as a madman. Originally this poem, written in 1892, ended on the note of pure despair:

Then I returned upon my footsteps madly guessing,  
And many a day thereafter with feet sad and sore  
I sought to win me back into that land of blessing,  
But I had lost my way, nor could I find it more.

In the printed text Lampman dropped this stanza to strike a note of resolute if limited cheer:

And still I preached, and wrought, and still I bore my message,  
For well I knew that on and upward without cease  
The spirit works for ever, and by Faith and Presage  
That somehow yet the end of human life is Peace.<sup>15</sup>

If Morris and Butler are the only sources of the thinking we find in "The Land of Pallas," then the last stanza is unexplain-



able. On the other hand, if we see the poem, and Lampman's other writings, in the context of his reading, we can see that the last stanza could be based on what he found in Lewes and Darwin. References to "Spirit" and "Faith" give the poem a religious context like that of "The Clearer Self." "The Land of Pallas" becomes a new combination of what Lampman had been reading.

Lampman's anti-machine bias culminates in "The City of the End of Things." The thought of the poem seems to be a combination of Ruskin and Carlyle, while its formal poetics could owe a debt to Poe. John Sutherland finds echoes of Poe in Lampman's phraseology and in the rolling beat of the iambic tetrameter which carries the poem forward at a relentless pace, suggesting the "ceaseless round," the "measured roar," the "clanking hands," and the hideous routine of the factory.<sup>16</sup> Lampman's use of circularity here -- the "ceaseless round" -- can be contrasted with the spiritual circularity of the spinning and revolving sound of the cricket and the thrush in "Heat." Air-in-motion in "The City of the End of Things," may also be contrasted with the use Lampman makes of it in the landscape poems. In the landscapes, it communicates life; in the city poem, it deadens and destroys. "The City of the End of Things" makes no use of the tension of opposites employed in Lampman's landscape poetry. The city



is doomed; it will not be rebuilt, for the men who first constructed it are withering out and dying. The city will stop at its "height" when the builders are all dead. Of these craftsmen, there are now only four left. One of the four sits facing the "lightless north" beyond the "reach of memories" -- "an idiot." The other three sit in a circle facing one another.

The poem is divided into three sections. There is an introduction of eight lines followed by two sections of 36 and 44 lines respectively. The second section of the poem describes the past history and future fate of the city.

The city as seen in the second section is a perversion of nature. Everything is unnatural and metallic. The poet perceives "roofs and iron towers;" there are no trees. In the unnatural landscape, of the city, its elements are destroyers. Breeze and light are products of the machines here, and, just as breeze and light are creative in the natural environment, they are destructive in this in the mechanical environment.

But in its murky streets far down  
 A flaming terrible and bright  
 Shakes all the stalking shadows there,  
 Across the walls, across the floors,  
 And shifts upon the upper air  
 From out a thousand furnace doors;  
 And all the while an awful sound  
 Keeps roaring on continually,  
 And crashes in the ceaseless round  
 Of a gigantic harmony.

(180)



In "The City" the garish noises of the cymbals, the shrillness of the cry of life, and the mechanical roar of the machines become inverted forms of the breeze, of air-in-motion. A similar process has taken place here; the touch of the breeze is death.

And whoso of our mortal race  
Should find that city unaware,  
Lean Death would smite him face to face,  
And blanch him with its venom'd air:  
Or caught by the terrific spell,  
Each thread of memory snapt and cut,  
His soul would shrivel and its shell  
Go rattling like an empty nut.

(180-181)

In the middle of the second section there is a description of the inhabitants of the city which tells us much about Lampman's reading and the use he makes of it in his poetry. The city creatures live in the light and the breath of the furnaces, and they are destroyed by the hideous routine in the nightmare factory.

Through its grim depths re-echoing  
And all its weary height of walls,  
With measured roar and iron ring,  
The inhuman music lifts and falls.



Where no thing rests and no man is,  
 And only fire and night hold sway;  
 The beat, the thunder and the hiss  
 Cease not, change not, night nor day.  
 And moving at unheard commands,  
 The abysses and vast fires between,  
 Flit figures that with clanking hands  
 Obey a hideous routine;  
 They are not flesh, they are not bone,  
 They see not with a human eye,  
 And from their iron lips is blown  
 A dreadful and monotonous cry ....

(180)

Lampman was strongly influenced by John Ruskin's essay "The Nature of Gothic." Two long passages from that great essay will serve to introduce a discussion of the similarities between the two works:

We have studied and much perfected, of late, the great civilized invention of the division of labour; only we give it a false name. It is not, truly speaking, the labour that is divided; but the men:--Divided into mere segments of men--broken into small fragments and crumbs of life; so that all the little piece of intelligence that is left in a man is not enough to make a pin, or a nail, but exhausts itself in making the point of a pin or the head of a nail. Now it is a good and desirable thing, truly, to make many pins in a day; but if we could only see with what crystal sand their points were polished,--sand of human soul, much to be magnified before it can be discerned for what it is--we should think there might be some loss in it also. And the great cry that rises from all our manufacturing cities, louder than their furnace blast, is all in very deed for this,--that we manufacture everything there except men;



we blanch cotton, and strengthen steel, and refine sugar, and shape pottery; but to brighten, to strengthen, to refine, or to form a single living spirit, never enters into our estimate of advantages. And all the evil to which that cry is urging our myriads can be met only in one way: not by teaching or preaching, for to teach them is but to show them their misery, and to preach to them if we do nothing more than preach, is to mock at it. It can be met only by a right understanding, on the part of all classes, of what kinds of labour are good for men, raising them, and making them happy; by a determined sacrifice of such convenience, or beauty, or cheapness as is to be got only by the degradation of the workman; and by equally determined demand for the products and results of healthy and ennobling labour.<sup>17</sup>

Glass beads are utterly unnecessary, and there is no design or thought employed in their manufacture. They are formed by first drawing out glass into rods; these rods are chopped up into fragments of the size of beads by the human hand, and the fragments are then rounded in the furnace. The men who chop up the rods sit at their work all day, their hands vibrating with a perpetual and exquisitely timed palsy, and the beads dropping beneath their vibration like hail. Neither they, nor the men who draw out the rods or fuse the fragments, have the smallest occasion for the use of any single human faculty....<sup>18</sup>

It is plain both Ruskin and Lampman are concerned about the same thing--the dehumanizing effects of factory labour--but the similarity extends beyond the thought and down into the images the two men use to present the thought. The "monotonous cry" from the "iron lips" of the inmates is a direct descendant of the "the great cry that rises from all our manu-



facturing cities, louder than their blast furnaces." Lampman's sense of sound in "The City of the End of Things" is at least in part something he found in Ruskin. As well, the impressive image of the "clanking hands" and their "hideous routine" owes something to Lampman's reading of that description of the bead makers. The images in "The City of the End of Things" and "The Nature of Gothic" are quite similar. There are furnaces, noise, and hideous labour in both writers. In Ruskin, the workers, while still human, are being broken into fragments of men, and they do not have the "smallest occasion for the use of any single human faculty," in their work. In Lampman, the workers are already completely broken--"They see not with the human eye." In the third section of his poem, Lampman presents a vision of the apocalypse in which the men of skill who built the city die out, and since they are the holders of all knowledge--all the others have lost their minds in the factory --the city dies with them. Nothing is left:

From century to century;  
 Nor ever living thing shall grow,  
 Nor trunk of tree, nor blade of grass;  
 No drop shall fall, no wind shall blow,  
 Nor any foot shall pass:  
 Alone of its accursed state,  
 One thing the hand of Time shall spare,  
 For the grim Idiot at the gate  
 Is deathless and eternal there.

(182) (My italics)



Everything beautiful and inspiring has been destroyed and there is no chance of rebirth--"no wind shall blow" in this nightmare landscape.

Thus, many elements of "The City of the End of Things" seem to come from ideas current in its era of composition; however, just as many elements of it definitely originate with Lampman. Lampman's use of breeze and light and his feeling for circular motion (although he may owe something to Carlyle here)<sup>19</sup> are part of his general vision as outlined in this chapter and the chapter on landscape poetry. Even if the source for the thought of this poem is foreign, as I and Duncan Campbell Scott<sup>20</sup> believe it is, the essential qualities of Lampman's poetry are clearly evident.

Some of Lampman's poems, particularly "The True Life" and "Loneliness" in At the Long Sault, both dating from 1894, are ample evidence that Lampman felt the emotions which resulted from the clash of the "ignorant armies" of nineteenth century thought. "The Poet's Song" discussed earlier has strong tinges of 19th century alienation about it: it speaks of a feeling of distance and division from one's surroundings, a feeling which grows in the later social poems into a sense of isolation from society and the people in it. "Loneliness" explores this area:



So it is with us all; we have our friends  
 Who keep the outer chambers, and guard well  
 Our common path; but there their service ends,  
 For far within us lies 'an iron cell  
 Soundless and secret, where we laugh or moan  
 Beyond all succour, terribly alone.

ALS (26)

The use Lampman makes of the word "iron" in this poem and elsewhere in his work is interesting. "Iron" comes to be associated with sterility in Lampman's poetry, except for a few instances such as that in "The Modern Politician" where Lampman talks of the "grandeurs of the world's iron youth." The word seems to be, in the final analysis, in apposition to the effects Lampman creates with gold in the natural setting.

"The True Life" is a reflection on Victorian hypocrisy, an ailment whose symptoms could be found everywhere in English writing at this period:

This Life is a depressing compromise  
 Between the soul and what it wills to do  
 And what your careful neighbours plan for you,  
 Often the thing most odious in your eyes,  
 A makeshift truce, whereby the soul denies  
 The birthright of a being bright and new  
 Puts on a mask and crushes down the true,  
 And lolls behind a fence of courteous lies.  
 O, world of little men, how sweet a thing  
 The true life is, what strength and joy it hath,  
 What grandeur and what beauty it might bring,  
 Could we but sweep forever from our path  
 Your cant rules and detested casuistries,  
 Your clap-trap, and your damned hypocrisies.

ALS (35)



When the soul puts on masks it denies its "birthright of a being bright and new." The association of brightness with human fulfilment is another example of Lampman's interest in light. However, what is most striking about "The True Life" is its style. It is unlike any of Lampman's better nature poetry in its bluntness. There is no word play; in fact, there is no play of any kind. In the end, the poem's directness boils down to a kind of rage and frustration.

After reading a poem such as this, one can become rather annoyed by the posturing intellectual superiority of many critics towards 19th century Canadian poets in general and Lampman in particular. Leo Kennedy, John Marshall, and Bernard Muddiman are particularly guilty, but there are traces of the same disease in Desmond Pacey and John Sutherland. Leo Kennedy is the worst of the group:

I am not abusing Lampman because his ideas are commonplace. I am not taking him to task because his verse does not reflect Canadian politics of the '90's. I am not indignant because his sonnets give no intimation that he ever heard of his European contemporaries, of the dazzling, decadent yellow book crew, nor of the Americans, Markham, Lizette Woodworth Reese, and the great Walt of Brooklyn, yawping a few miles to the south. But I do say that since his own personal aesthetic contribution was insufficient for the purposes of art, he should have broadened his canvas, and borrowed from sources that would have benefited him more.<sup>21</sup>

Lampman's poetry is its own defense, and this chapter has only pointed to further proofs in the question of whether



its ideas are commonplace or current. Kennedy's remark about Lampman and politics is either ignorance or misrepresentation. It is probably true that Lampman knew little of the "yellow book crew," but to claim he is ignorant of Whitman's work is poor scholarship. If one remembers that Whitman did not enjoy overwhelming popularity at his death, Lampman's remarks about his critical future seem stunning in their aptness. In the Globe of April 23, 1892, Lampman predicted that the good gray poet's works would be obscured by his personality, and that "The old world will acknowledge his power in theory and at distance, but it will approach him with a shrug or a shudder."

Lizette Woodworth Reese has vanished so totally from the cultural consciousness that none of her many works is available in the University of Alberta library, and Edwin Markham may have had some trouble influencing Lampman since his first book was not published until 1899, and Lampman dies in February of that year. Even if Lampman had read Markham's poems, many of which appeared in Scribner's, The Century, and the Atlantic, as well as the San Francisco Examiner, he would have found little to interest him. Apart from "The Man with the Hoe," there is little in Markham's first volume which is not treated more aptly in Lampman, and even that poem is a Pastoral "The City of the End of Things." Compare



"The Frogs" or "Heat" with Markham's "Fay Song":

My Life is a dream--a dream  
 In the moon's cool beam;  
 Some day I shall wake and desire  
 A touch of the infinite fire.  
 But now 'tis enough that I be  
 In the light of the sea;  
 Enough that I climb with the cloud  
 When the winds of the morning are loud;  
 Enough that I fade with the stars  
 When the door of the East unbars.

[The Man with the Hoe (New York: Doubleday  
 & McClure, 1899), 105.]

Markham's "The Climb of Life" seems depressingly juvenile  
 against much of Lampman's nature poetry. Here is the first  
 stanza:

There's no feel of all things flowing,  
 And no power of Earth can bind them;  
 There's a sense of all things growing,  
 And through all their forms a glowing  
 Of the shaping souls behind them.  
 (The Man with the Hoe, 95.)

What seems extremely peculiar about Kennedy's criticism is  
 that he wants to see the influence of the named writers in  
 Lampman's sonnets. Whitman was never a sonnet writer and  
 neither was Markham at this time.

This chapter has studied how Lampman deals with society.  
 In many of the societal poems, it has been demonstrated that  
 features which make up the Lampman natural landscape re-appear  
 in the social landscape as part of the vision of the social poems.



The next chapters will look at Lampman's work with the narrative poem and then deal with "At the Long Sault: May, 1660," where the images of his societal poetry appear in a natural setting.



## CHAPTER IV

### LAMPMAN AND THE NARRATIVE

In the two chapters which dealt with Lampman's landscape and social poetry, motion, particularly light and air-in-motion, or breeze, were discussed as they inform Lampman's work. This chapter breaks away from the division set up earlier, which was based on what the speaker was looking at, and proposes to discuss Lampman's work as a narrative poet. "Narrative" will be used in a wide sense in the discussion: a narrative poem will be taken to be a poem whose purpose is to recount events. "Heat" is not a narrative because a comprehension of the poem depends on an understanding of the relationship of the elements of the landscape to the speaker during one moment. "At the Long Sault: May, 1660" is a narrative because an understanding of the meaning of the poem can only come from comparing the relationship of the elements of the landscape with Daulac and his men at different points of time in the poem. In other words, it is a poem to be understood through its telling of events; therefore, it is a narrative poem.

Critics have tended to focus on Lampman's landscape or social poetry; they do this at the expense of Lampman's work as a story teller. Some of the poems already studied



are narratives--"The City of the End of Things," "The Poet's Song," and "The Land of Pallas" are examples. Lampman's poetry shows he experimented as a narrative poet and even wrote works like "David and Abigail," a closet drama of questionable value. Lampman's longest poem, "The Story of an Affinity," is a narrative, and it has been ignored by critics even though it accounts for more than 100 pages of the 500-page volume which is Lampman's collected works.

There are echoes from a wide range of English verse in the narrative poems. Sutherland's analysis of the Alcyone poems and their relationship to Poe has been noted already; there are other important echoes in this group. With its gothic tale of a Mother's desire to be with her child and guide him even after death, "Chione" is Poeish enough, but at the same time it brings to mind the 18th century graveyard poets like Edward Young and Robert Blair. "Chione" makes much of passages of melodramatic horror like this one where the youngster is ferried across the Styx:

And silently across the horrid flow,  
 The shapeless bark and pallid chalklike arms  
 Of him that oared it, dumbly to and fro,  
 Went gliding, and the struggling ghosts in swarms  
 Leaped in and passed, but myriads more behind  
 Crowded the dismal beaches. One might hear  
 A tumult of entreaty thin and clear  
Rise like the whistle of the winter wind.

(189) (My italics)

Even in poems as unreal as "Chione," the natural imagery is



used as a simile for human emotion. The chilling sounds of the dead are compared to the winter wind.

In the narrative poems in Among the Millet, there are three works close together in the text which echo Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." These poems are "The Three Pilgrims," "Easter Eve," and "The Organist." "The Three Pilgrims" is a picture of Nero's Rome. Three men come in search of Christ and find unreal orgies raging under torches made of the burning and charred bodies of Christians. They turn away "Numb with horror and sick with pity" (62). The Pilgrims are like Coleridge's Mariner in their alienation from their environment, although the Pilgrims are distinctly different from the Mariner as characters. Here breeze and light cannot break the spell of horror which touches their souls in Rome:

The great sun flamed on the sea before us;  
A soft wind blew from the scented south;  
But our eyes knew not of the steps that bore us  
Down to the ships at the Tiber's mouth ....  
(62) (My italics)

The inhumanity of the experience makes the heart of each man like "an iron weight" (62). The passage has distinct verbal echoes of Coleridge's poem, especially in these lines which can be compared with ll. 71-74 and ll. 83-90 of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."



Lampman seems to have been intrigued with the power of the Mariner to hypnotize and hold people, for the same power appears in "Easter Eve" and "The Organist." In "Easter Eve," the powers of the Mariner are divided between Christ and the old man who is the speaker of the poem. The echoes are particularly strong when Christ "holds" the man who has cursed him. The old man describes his experience this way.

And a sudden stillness came  
 Through my spirit and my frame,  
 And a spell without a name  
     Held me in his mystic track.  
 Though his presence seemed so mild  
 Yet he led me like a child,  
 With a yearning strange and wild,  
     That I dared not turn me back.  
                                     (65)

This can be compared with the early stanzas in "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner":

He holds him with his glittering eye--  
 The Wedding-Guest stood still,  
 And listens like a three years' child:  
 The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:  
 He cannot choose but hear;  
 And thus spake on that ancient man,  
 The bright-eyed Mariner.<sup>1</sup>

"The Organist" is a poem in which such links are less definite. The organist is a middle-aged man who falls in love



with his young pupil over the years. When she leaves to marry, he expresses his grief through his music and finally falls dead on the organ--dead of a broken heart. The spell of the man's music is like the power of the Mariner's story: it draws people off the street and holds them powerless:

And otherwhiles the sound did swell,  
 And like a sudden tempest fell  
 Through all the windows wonderful and clear  
 The people gathered from the street,  
 And filled the chapel seat by seat--  
 They could not choose but hear.  
 (74) (My italics)

The gathering of the people in response to the organ (which, significantly enough, is compared to a tempest) can be read as a form of breeze. In "The Organist," breeze is not a vehicle for radical changes in the poet's mind, since he is telling the story, not participating in the action. However, it is a vehicle for a radical change in the people's minds, as they are moved by the music into an awareness of the Organist's love and its meaning. In Coleridge's poem, the Wedding-Guest was moved to a similar awareness of the Mariner and his experience; but there the change was accomplished by the story the Mariner told, not by music. In "The Organist," breeze is both sound and air-in-motion. The music is like a tempest (air-in-motion), and these two attributes of sound and motion become part of the same concept, as they often do in Lampman (cf. "The Child's Music Lesson").



"The Monk" has a Keatsian ring about it which is reminiscent in a loose way of "The Eve of St. Agnes." Keats, according to D. C. Scott, was "the only poet whose method he (Lampman) seriously studies."<sup>2</sup> (Indeed, Lampman shows Keatsian influence, but surely Scott is being modest about Lampman's scholarship.<sup>3</sup>) The poems are similar in form. "The Monk" is written in Ottava Rima, while Keats' poem employs Spenserian stanzas. They share some similarity in plot in that the lovers run away at the end of both poems, and both poems present a similar problem--parental opposition to a love match. In both poems the action takes place at night, and there are similar castle settings. However, these details are typical of almost all love romances and not much stress can be laid upon them: Lampman might have been as strongly influenced, for example, by Isabella Valency Crawford's "Malcolm's Katie."

This discussion does not come to the conclusion that Lampman rewrote, or derived his ideas from, European literature; rather, it leads to a view of Lampman as a poet widely read and experimental in his mode of expression. Lampman was searching for a way to write his message; a way, it seems he never found. Ross has said of Lampman's philosophical search that: "Like Roberts (and more intensively than Roberts) he searches for the idea, the philosopher's stone. He searches not in the abstract but in time, his time. And he searches within the self (as Roberts failed



to do)."<sup>4</sup> There are hints as to the shape of this central idea in the landscape poems, but like the light in many of these poems, the hint is a momentary glimmering, and though the diamond, the "stone," can be glimpsed, one can never grasp it. It evades the touch, and one's hands hold the eddying breeze, which, although it soothes, reminds the reader that he must become part of the process, must move with the breeze, before he can grasp the process. This is not to argue by analogy that the variety of Lampman's poems is a direct reflection of his search for the idea and for the images the idea takes; however, it can be said that the variety is a reflection of a more general restlessness in Lampman's make-up.

Although Lampman's narrative poems come in all shapes and kinds, breeze and light seem to play major roles in many of them. In "Easter Eve," the wind is used as a simile for the old man's enlightenment:

As I followed close behind,  
 Knowledge like an awful wind  
 Seemed to blow my naked mind  
     Into darkness black and bare;  
 Yet with longing wild and dim,  
 And a terror vast and grim,  
 Nearer still I pressed to him,  
     Till I almost touched his hair.  
                     (68) (My italics)



In "An Athenian Reverie," breeze is an important part of the experience of an Aegean evening:

How strong and wonderful is the night! Mankind  
 Has yielded all to one sweet helplessness:  
 Thought, labour, strife and all activities  
 Have ebbed like fever. The smooth tide of sleep,  
 Rolling across the fields of Attica,  
 Hath covered all the labouring villages.  
 Even great Athens with her busy hands  
 And busier tongues lies quiet beneath its waves.  
 Only a steady murmur seems to come  
 Up from her silentness, as if the land  
 Were breathing heavily in dreams.

(93) (My italics)

The first-person narrator has created a metaphor showing how changes in the landscape bring about corresponding changes in his, and others', minds. The easy murmur of the breeze rising from the earth has a prominent place in a passage filled with easy motion.

Later the speaker meditates on his memories, and images of light and the eddying circular motion always associated with "Heat" are employed:

How full life is; how many memories  
 Flash, and shine out, when thought is sharply stirred;  
 How the mind works, when once the wheels are loosed,  
 How nimbly, with what swift activity.

(99)

The speaker in "An Athenian Reverie" dwells for a time on his friends, and when he turns to Euktemon, his closest



companion, breeze and light combine:

...Euktemon's glance  
Betrayed him with it's (sic) gusty friendliness,  
Flashing at moments from the clouded brow,  
Like brave warm sunshine....  
(99)

This discussion does not propose to present a skeleton index of breeze and light in the narrative poems. Instead, it will focus on "The Story of an Affinity" because this is Lampman's longest poem and because breeze and light are presented in it in most of the important ways seen elsewhere in his poetry. Richard Stahlberg and the passages dealing with his education disclose a good deal about the depth of Lampman's own education. The discussion of "The Story of an Affinity" will serve as a summary and a review in preparation for the discussion of "At the Long Sault: May, 1660."

The spiritual nature of the love of Margaret and Richard, coupled with the length of the story, may make it rather cloying to modern tastes accustomed to "instant" everything, but it must be realized that the poem was written in a chaste age whose conventions were as strict as those of courtly love, if different in some respects. The poem itself shows distinctive Lampman features at many points, and these features will now be discussed.

Early in the poem, Richard is wandering in the dark



lethargy which descends on him during his youth. He seems beyond the reach of breeze and nature:

He walked with sullen brow and earthward eyes.  
Nor marked the Hebe loveliness of leaf  
And flowers, the wind's soft touch, nor overhead  
The limpid and interminable blue.  
The meadow with its braid of marguerites,  
That ran like glittering water in the wind  
He passed unseen.

(416) (My italics)

A long description of the landscape follows until, finally, there is a sudden change as the wind rises. Again the breeze is linked with awareness, and, at the same time, with process, which is motion in the Lampman landscape:

And now a sudden frolic wind-rush came,  
And smote the wood, and roared upon its tops,  
And down across the level like a sea  
Ran out in swift pale glimmering waves. The sound  
And moving majesty of wind and wood  
Broke even the dull clasp of Richard's heart  
And touched his spirit with a passionate thrill.

(417) (My italics)

This is a classic instance of the correspondent breeze as inspiration in Lampman. The breeze is part "sound"; and both the sound and the motion caused by the breeze in the woods is part of the unified concept which surrounds air-in-motion. At the same time, air-in-motion is linked with light in the "glimmering waves" the wind-rush makes in the woods. The effect of this on Richard is described in terms which are reminiscent of "Cloud-Break":



And from his widening eyes there leaped and shone,  
 Like the blue strip beyond the thunder-cloud,  
 A single gleam of wild intelligence.

(417)

Richard's epiphany--"that wild and startled flame" (418)--  
 burns hot and then dies; "gradually as embers die" (418).

Now at the same time as Richard is wandering in the woods, Margaret, Jacob Hawthorne's daughter, has been reading in a nearby orchard on a bench. This is the setting for the encounter which will send Richard on his quest for knowledge. The surroundings are salted with gold:

Now in the orchard's midst on the warm grass  
 Under the goodliest of these fruitful trunks,  
 Close bowered in wooing shadows, flitted o'er  
 With multitudes of golden gleams, there stood  
 An old and curious rustic bench, contrived  
 Of boughs of cedar, interwoven and joined,  
 Still with the rough-smelling bark upon them.

(418) (My italics)

When Margaret arrives she is described in a way which makes her one with the landscape:

Across the humming orchard lawn she came,  
 Dappled with shadow and sharp light, a form  
 Tall with the slenderness of youth.  
 Her calm gray eyes, now earthward bent, and now  
 Fastened far off in unobservant gaze,  
 Seemed like clear fountains of divine content,  
 Fed by a crystal and perpetual stream  
 Of sunny meditation.

(418-419) (My italics)



The stage is set; enter Richard. Margaret is asleep, her head full of "glowing dreams and golden purposes." (421) Lampman spends some time cataloguing the effects of this on Richard's troubled mind. These lines are typical:

he stopped and stood stone-still,  
A statue of surprise with parted lips,  
And eyes that for a moment only stared.  
And then a wild light fluttered from them--joy  
With terror mingled and an eddy sense  
Of power unlocked; for in a moment's space--  
No longer than that single rapturous glance--  
A vision rare and beautiful to him  
As any by the Saint in Patmos seen,  
Had slid beneath the cloud-bands of his soul,  
And, flooded all with one enchanted gleam.

(421) (My italics)

Margaret has dropped her book in her reverie, so Richard stoops to pick it up. She wakens from her sleep to see Richard, who has certain attractions himself:

and Margaret stood  
In all her subtle beauty and pale grace,  
Arrested by a sudden bright surprise  
A radiant wonder at his splendid height.

(423) (My italics)

Richard has been looking at the book, which he does not understand, and the combined marvels of the girl and her learning send him off in search of knowledge. On his request, she gives him the book which he keeps with him as a symbolic token. He goes to Hawthorne's house for lunch and on his way home he wanders again through the fields:



A measureless kingdom of content, shone down  
 On the still shadows and heat-drowsed fields  
 All the dividing woods twixt farm and farm  
 Stood motionless with pale and gleaming tops,  
 And distant banks of shadow, brushed with bloom.  
 By field and fallow Richard wandered on;  
 Now wading among timothy, waist high;  
 By fences in whose murmurous tangles shone  
 That symbol of the blazing heart of June,  
 The golden target of the corn-flowers, bossed  
 With purple ....

(427-428) (My italics)

This passage is similar to many of the landscape poems at the beginning of Among the Millet. The narrator points out that even though Richard is unaware of the landscape, it still affects his thoughts. His surroundings "breathe" on him:

These things, although indeed he marked them not,  
 Distinctly yet upon his spirit breathed  
A gentle influence, and the quieted will  
 Shaped gradually the tumult of his thoughts  
 Into an ordered counsel, bringing forth  
 A single stream of purpose large and clear.

(428) (My italics)

In these two passages, the concept of correspondence is clearly demonstrated. Lampman says in the first passage that the woods seem "motionless." But this is a surface observation of the same type noted in "Heat" where only a hay-cart seems to move. In both poems, there is motion when the poet moves in closer on the details of the landscape. Here Richard himself is in motion and the timothy, the high grass he wanders through, is pictured as being in "murmurous tangles."



At the same time there is implied motion in the tension between the banks of shadow and the bloom. To describe the almost subliminal quality of the motion (notice that Richard does not "mark" it) Lampman writes that it "breathed/A gentle influence." In this case, breath is a metaphor for the whole landscape as well as a metaphor for its effect.

In Part II, Richard begins his education, a "giant" among the youngsters. Knowledge is consistently compared to brightness and light. Richard labors tirelessly at his books:

But he, the milder titan, neither paused  
Nor quailed, but with a spirit sternly strung,  
Wrought onward, step by step; above, beyond,  
Perceiving on the summits proudly bright  
The gleam of his neglected heritage ....  
(437) (My italics)

Later he meets a poet who introduces him to modern literature, which he attacks with vigor:

He pored upon the pages of old rhyme,  
Until a music, hitherto half-heard,  
Or wholly undivined, possessed his ear,  
And made him in the day-break of its joy  
A winged and bodiless spirit loosed from Time,  
Floating in golden fire 'twixt earth and heaven.  
(447) (My italics)

Six poets--Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Keats, Gray and Coleridge--are mentioned. Richard studies Geometry, Astronomy, and Geology. He studies classics, both Latin and Greek, and reads The Iliad, The Odyssey, Antigone, and







Wherein the universal human heart  
 Had voiced the quietude of its vast despair,  
 And all the awful weariness of life.  
 He heard the pastor with impassioned tongue  
 Preach the great love and brotherhood of man,  
 While round him, silent in the velvet stalls,  
 The rich and proud, the masters of this world,  
 Sat moveless as the ever-living gods,  
 While all that worldly thunder rolled and rang  
 About their heads and pitiless ears in vain.  
 He saw the rude multitudes in wild despair  
 Wear out their days in labour for small gain  
 And sink care-weary into unknown graves,  
 And how the strong, by chance and sleight made great,  
 Fattened and throve upon the general need.  
 Hiding their cruel and remorseless hands  
 Behind a mist of custom and the law,  
 Huge offspring of a boundless anarchy!  
 He saw the public leaders in whose charge  
 Was given the chiefship and the common weal.  
 Gulling men openly with fulsome lies;  
 And on the trustful ignorance of the just  
 And the blind greed and hatred of the base  
 Building the edifice of their own power.  
 All this because his soul was like a child's  
 Simple and keen; he saw, while most men dreamed  
 And passed it by, or seeing, did not care.

(443)

The reflections on the church are reminiscent of "Life and Nature," while the section on the dishonesty of politicians and their blind "greed" is like "The Modern Politician" and "To a Millionaire."

At the same time as Richard is becoming aware of the evil of man, his increased awareness reaches out to nature as well, and nature balances the evil he finds in human society:



he left his books,  
 And far beyond the city's wearying roar  
 Cooled his hot brain amid the blossoming fields  
 Or salved his spirit in the peaceful woods.  
 And many a day at noon, or fall of dusk,  
 Found him half-hid in towering meadow grass  
 Or seated by some gurgling forest brook  
In still communion with all forms of life,  
 The sense of kinship filling his wide heart  
 With dim mysterious joy; and now he knew  
 That the old wildness of his darkened youth  
 Was not a meaningless power, but the same charm  
 And sympathy of earth, the blind desire  
 Of Beauty, more restrained, less desperate now,  
 Because illumined by the conscious mind.

(445)

One evening as Richard wanders "Receiving with strange pleasure in his ears / The murmur of a shallow reedy pool"

(445), he meets the poet and they talk as they take the long way home to the city through the April night. The setting is

High wreathed with tremulous and eloquent stars,  
 Made solemn with the full antiphonal cry  
 Of soft Pandean voices ....

(446)

These Pan-like harmonies seem to be an echo from "The Frogs" where the voice of nature, the breeze, can be heard in the frogs' "countless clear antiphonies" (9). It should also be remembered that there is tension in this particular form of breeze, for an antiphony is the harmony produced by the opposition of sounds, as well as a responsive chant. As the men talk, light imagery is used to describe their conversation. Their thoughts "flashed up before them" (447).



Through the evening the two of them

reviewed

Their several dreams of life, illuminating each  
 With many a glowing fancy and swift flight  
 Of uttered vision ....  
 (446)

In Part III, the poem returns to Margaret and her father's farm. Three years after Richard's departure her mother had died, and Margaret has stayed on, seemingly indefinitely, to comfort her father. Although she feels a "sense of lost desire" she does not complain, and although she is harnessed to the routine of the farm her sensibility is not dimmed:

Nor did the outward habit of her days  
 Lack heat or lustre from that inner fire:  
 Through all their slow routine with watchful eye  
 Finding in every smallest chance some food  
 Or sport for the unconquerable mind ....  
 (450)

Margaret, in a sense, molds her soul to the farm and lives within the community with her heightened awareness:

But most she loved to gather at her side  
 The children on their sunny holidays,  
 And tell them stories of the birds and flowers,  
 The grasses and the lofty forest trees,  
 Weaving a web of tender allegories,  
 Wherein some core of spiritual beauty shone.  
 (451)

There is a constant identification of Margaret with light, which is evident in this passage.



This passage says a good deal about Lampman's approach to nature, although the implicit definition of allegory may not match modern tastes. Important poems such as "Heat," "The Frogs," and "Winter Evening" are "tender allegories" in the way that in them Lampman's stance towards reality is embodied in a part of nature. In Lampman's social poetry, the allegory is not so tender, and here one thinks of poems like "The Poet's Song" and "The City of the End of Things."

John Vantassel visits Hawthorne's farm on a campaign tour and he sees in Margaret those natural qualities which have been stressed. He talks

With Hawthorne, then with Margaret, for in her  
 He found a mind as quick as wind to catch  
 The wider drift and purpose of his speech,  
 A nobler and a juster listener.  
 When all his end was gained, and from the shy  
 Close farmer a plain promise had been won,  
 For a long while the lawyer still talked on,  
 Fastened by Margaret's bright and kindling grace,  
 Her beauty, and the music of her voice.  
 (452)

Vantassel is not a melodramatic villain. Margaret likes him for his "honest strength that gave him worth with all" (452). And as the years pass he becomes "The bright companion of her easiest hours" (453). Finally one night he proposes. Here, the darkness and lack of motion in the surroundings, so different from the normal natural setting, convey a sense of



foreboding. One sees

Margaret standing with the silent night  
Above her, and around her feet, sharp-thrown  
The dark and motionless shadows of the trees,  
Stirred not ....

(454)

Margaret asks for a week to think it over, but in her heart she answers 'yes'.

During the week, Richard returns and there is a short passage where the narrator considers the growth of Richard as a legend in the small community. The places where his story is told are all curiously bright, and there is a "mythic splendour" around the story itself. Richard's mother loves to tell it by "the glow / Of the red firelight on winter nights" (456). At other times she recites it during the "long summer afternoons" of the harvest. Lampman here is using light to give a sense of community. Richard visits Margaret on the evening of his arrival and finds her older but still beautiful, if in a different way. He finds

Her figure firmlier set, her face less pale,  
To her gray eyes the kindling ardours sprang  
Less often, with a graver brilliancy:  
Yet she was in all more nobly beautiful  
Than when she talked with Richard years ago.

(457)

Her look is still "full of sunny thought and sovereign strength" (457), and her smile is still haunted with "glimmers of mysterious tenderness" (457). The situation between the two lovers



is emotionally charged, and Lampman uses breeze and light, in part, to reflect the tension and the warmth of the emotions involved. When Richard takes Margaret's hand for the first time:

... a strange light broke in upon her soul,  
 A rushing thought, so sudden, so enforced,  
 It robbed her of control, and made her sense  
 A trembling tumult, whereof joy and pain  
 Were equal parts ....  
 (458)

At this point Margaret realizes that Richard is her spirit's answering type, and as they talk Margaret grows more at ease. This change is reflected by a modulation in the light imagery which describes it:

The brightness of her eyes, rested content  
 In dreamlike joy and glowing quietude;  
 And Margaret too, so captured, so surprised,  
 All other thoughts forgotten and cast by,  
 Gave herself wholly to the wondrous spell,  
 The deep excitement that she dared not name.  
 (459)

When Richard leaves her for his home that evening, he strides "flame-footed" across the fields.

Although Margaret's eyes are filled with a "strange brightness" when Richard finally proposes, she decides that the only way out is to refuse both men. Their reaction to this shock, in both cases, is described in a flood of stormy imagery. The men resolve the problem between themselves and Vantassel, being a gentleman, admits defeat.



Richard and Margaret then meet again, free to go their own way together. Although Margaret does not answer Richard, her eyes, the "signals of the mute and shining soul" (472), answer for her. At the end, the narrator tells us that they, at last, have reached

The portals of the perfect fields of life,  
And thence, half dazzled by the glow, perceive  
The endless road before them, clear and free.  
(473)

In "The Story of an Affinity," it can be seen how, in Lampman, breeze and light as forms of motion are correlated with the "complex subjective process" Abrams suggests for the breeze alone: "the return to a sense of community after isolation, the renewal of life and emotional vigour after apathy and deathlike torpor, and an outburst of creative power following a period of imaginative sterility." There is a sense of community in the moving light imagery which surrounds both the telling of Richard's story and Margaret's story-telling with the neighbourhood children, just as there is a sense of personal communion in the breeze and light imagery which surrounds the relationships of Margaret and Richard, Margaret and Vantassel, and Richard and the poet. Breeze and light are also strongly evident in Richard's return to creative power and emotional vigour at the beginning of the poem. What is interesting is the way Lampman uses breeze and light to represent human



fulfillment both past, in terms of the steps Richard must climb in his education, and present, in the persons of Richard and Margaret. Lampman establishes an identity between the people and the landscape -- the same features are present in both.

At the end of the treatment of Lampman's landscape, it was argued that breeze and light were part of a more general scheme of things-in-motion. In the chapter on social poetry, the discussion demonstrated how motion there becomes demonic. Sound, which is a form of the breeze, becomes a "roar," not a "tune" or a "rush" as in the natural landscape, and circular motion which "spins" or "revolves" in the landscape becomes a "ceaseless round" or a "rhythmic clang" in the urban vision. The breeze becomes a tempest, or still worse, a killing breath, and the light which "glistened" in the landscape, "flares" in the factories.

The main portion of this thesis has dealt with representative samples of Lampman's work. We have seen, in every area, how an understanding of the linked metaphors rooted in breeze and light unlock and amplify the meaning of the poems. The last chapter will deal in depth with "At the Long Sault: May, 1660" and show that, although this poem is different in form from anything Lampman ever wrote, its central meaning is elucidated through an understanding of motion and breeze and light.



## CHAPTER V

### LAMPMAN AND "AT THE LONG SAULT: MAY, 1660"

Lampman's premature death in 1899 ended a poetic career which was on the brink of success. Within a year Scott edited The Poems of Archibald Lampman and the volume went through several editions. It is difficult to guess what new directions his talent might have taken if he had had the time to develop, but it is probable that the way he looked at reality would have remained the same. Motion, and particularly breeze and light, still would have played significant roles in his poetry, even if the form of his verse were to have changed radically.

Writing in Saturday Night fifty years after Lampman's death, E. K. Brown used "At the Long Sault: May, 1660" as an example of what was lost in the poet's passing on February 9, 1899, at the age of thirty-seven:

Two things we know. The first is that in the final years of his life his prosody underwent significant change--it became more daring and more free, responding, I have always thought, to the practice of his intimate associate Duncan Campbell Scott. I had the temerity to question Duncan Scott about the change in Lampman's prosody, and about the possible impact of his writing on that of his friend. Scott agreed that Lampman was moving towards much greater freedom in form, and modest man that he was, he did not repel the suggestion that his own experiments had affected Lampman. The other thing we know is that in the last year of his life Lampman wrote a longish poem notably unlike anything that had preceded it. This is "At the Long Sault," which I was able to decipher from the smudged, pencil-written scribbles in which his last



poems were drafted. It was "At the Long Sault," more than anything else we have of Lampman's, that led Duncan Scott to say "He had not reached his limit or his perfection, and, to recall and adapt words of Sturge Moore, he was turning leaves in some book that Death forbade him to write."

Not only is "At the Long Sault" a picture from Canadian history: what is much more significant, when Lampman turned to our history, he picked one of its most terrible and violent pages. He takes us into the "savage heart of the wild"; he draws the Indian foe in his darkest and most ferocious colors; he finds for the battle an image that is without parallel in his poetry for force and near-brutality, he uses a line and a strophe that have a sweep and force for which his earlier poetry had not quite prepared us. The terrible and violent page is the more effective because he introduces it and follows it with passages in which his habitual gentleness and tranquility are in complete order.

This is one of the poems that Lampman worked and re-worked. Every part of it was written many times. The version that seemed to Duncan Scott and me the most nearly definitive was full of erasures and barrings-out. The stuff in which he was working was new to him, and yet he was imposing on it a pattern of unusual intricacy. He did not succeed in giving to the stuff the high finish that makes his nature poems so completely realized. He was engaged in a first attempt.

If Lampman had lived beyond that February night in 1899 he might have given us a series of poems on the events of our history not unlike E. J. Pratt's "Brebeuf and His Brethren"; or he might have turned from the past to the present and written of the Indians of the wilder parts of the country as Scott did; or even produced narratives of strange and terrible events in outlying farm-houses and pioneer villages.<sup>1</sup>

## ORIGINS

It is a dangerous business to speculate about the process of creation, but enough of the fragments of "At the Long Sault" are available to give a glimpse of the poem's origins. The story of the Long Sault must have been familiar to Lampman through W. W. Campbell's melodrama Daulac, written in the



mid-1890s. There are references to the "blood-curdling" readings Campbell used to give, in Lampman's letters and the letters of his friends.<sup>2</sup> One of these readings took place at the home of Sir John George Bourinot in February 1895.<sup>3</sup> If there is a likely source for Lampman's interest in Daulac it is this circle of Ottawa friends. Campbell's play is a fictional reconstruction of the events in Daulac's life which led to him to undertake the suicidal mission that, presumably, saved his country. Daulac centers the machinations of the invented villain Desjardins; it ends with his discovery and death. As the curtain falls the Indians close around Daulac in their final attack. "At the Long Sault" begins where Daulac ends, and in Lampman's poem the emphasis is more on society than on individual conflict. Campbell's purpose was "to depict the ultimate triumph of the fate of an unsuspecting innocence over the wiles and plots of a clever and scheming malice."<sup>4</sup> Lampman investigates the clash between the individual and society, and the consequences for both.

But Campbell's play was not the only treatment of Daulac by this group. Sir John George Bourinot published a history, The Story of the Nations: Canada, in 1897. The book, dating it from the preface, was completed on Dominion Day, 1896. Bourinot's account<sup>5</sup> seems to be the probable source of Lampman's telling of the event. Lampman almost



certainly had a copy of the book which mentioned him as one of Canada's leading poets.<sup>6</sup> As well, Bourinot's shortened account of the defense closely matches Lampman's story.

The story of Daulac was well known in Lampman's time. For purposes of thesis research, two other histories and some selected letters of Marie de l'Incarnation were studied, all of them having been available to Lampman in Ottawa in the 1890s. The two histories chosen were P.F.X. de Charlevoix, S.J., History and General Description of New France, translated with notes by John Gilmary Shea, originally published in 1866; and Francis Parkman, The Old Regime in Canada, revised edition, originally printed in 1893. The letters dealing with the Long Sault defense were read in Word from New France: The Selected Letters of Marie de l'Incarnation, translated and edited by Joyce Marshall, published in 1967. Lampman would have had access to these letters in their first modern edition, published by Dom Richaudeau, in 1884. From all these sources a reasonably uniform account of the defense emerges. Shea's note to Charlevoix's brief mention of the defense is cited below because it expresses in concise form what can be found in all three accounts, and because it makes reference to other, earlier, accounts and primary sources:

This was the famous action at Long Sault: Dollier de Casson, *Histoire de Montreal; Relation de la N.F.*, 1660, p. 14; M. Marie de l'Incarnation, p. 261; Father Lalemant, *Journal*,



June 8, 1660. The French numbered 17, commanded by Adam Dollard, *Sieur des Ormeaux*, a young officer, aged 25. He took the field in April, and on the 19th defeated an Iroquois party, apparently on St. Paul's Island. After returning to Montreal he again set out, and took post in a little Indian fort at the foot of the Long Rapid on the Ottawa. Here he was joined by 39 Hurons under Anahotaha, and Mitiwemeg with three Algonquins. The Iroquois soon approached, and Dollard routed the van, but was invested by the whole force of 300 men. They attacked him repeatedly, but were always repulsed with loss. They then sent to another army of 500. Meanwhile the French, suffering from thirst, were deserted by the 39 Hurons, who revealed their weakness to the Iroquois. Still, Dollard held out against the two Iroquois armies, who at last attempted to storm their fort, regardless of the loss of life. To check them, Dollard made a kind of torpedo, and threw it over; but it caught on a branch and fell inside the fort, killing and wounding some of his own men. Then the place was carried, and the whole party were killed, fighting to the last. The Iroquois are said by Mr. de Belmont (*Histoire du Canada*, p. 11), on report of one of their nation, to have lost one-third of their force. This glorious action (May 21, 1660) so disconcerted the Iroquois, that they abandoned their design of attacking Three Rivers and Quebec, and capturing the Governor-General: M. Marie de l'Incarn., *Lettres Hist.*, p. 254; Lalemant, *Journal*, May 15, 1660; Belmont, *Hist. du Canada*, p. 11; *Hist. de la Col. Fran.*, ii., pp. 397-419; *Can. Doc.*, II., i., pp. 358, 417.<sup>7</sup>

A comparison of these accounts with that of Lampman shows that Lampman omits any reference to the Indians who fought with Daulac and then, with the exception of Anahotaha, deserted. Also, Lampman and Bourinot do not mention Daulac's disastrous mistake with the powderkeg (torpedo). Lampman omits any reference to the torture of the survivors of the defense; Parkman, Bourinot, and Marie de l'Incarnation state they were burned to death by their Indian captors. Bourinot, Shea and Lampman fail to mention either the circumstances



surrounding the discovery of the Indian plot, or the fact that the defenders were deprived of their food because they were forced to run from their pots by the attacking Indians. Neither Bourinot, Shea, nor Lampman mention that the defenders attempted a parley with the Indians, and only Parkman tells us that the heroes were poor canoeists. Lampman alone fails to tell us that the fort they were defending was a decaying Indian bulwark. Shea, Bourinot, and Lampman also omit any reference to the religious aspect of the defense; Parkman and Marie de l'Incarnation relate that when the defenders were not fighting, they prayed. Shea's account does not describe the horrid cries of the Indians as do all the others. The Lampman, Bourinot, and Shea accounts are the most abbreviated, and although no argument about sources is conclusive, it would seem the circumstances surrounding Bourinot's book and its general similarity to Lampman's poem make it the probable source of Lampman's account.

The Lampman canon also shows he had been aware of Daulac for some time before he wrote "At the Long Sault." In March 1895, he published a pacifist poem called "War" in Cosmopolitan. The poem was later included in the abortive Alcyone collection. "War" is a catalogue of conflict from the earliest Egyptian times. It ends with a prediction of a war to end wars, after which peace will rise from the ashes.



Daulac occupies a single stanza:

Where a northern river charges  
 By a wild and moonlit glade,  
 From the murky forest margins,  
 Round a broken palisade,  
 I can see the red men leaping,  
 See the sword of Daulac sweeping,  
 And the ghostly forms of heroes  
 Fall and fade.

(245)

"War" does not judge the moral rightness of the opposing sides in the conflicts it recounts; its primary purpose is to condemn war in general. Daulac is not well developed; he is one of many heroes who "Fall and fade."

The concept of the hero in this poem is less sophisticated than in "At the Long Sault." In "At the Long Sault," the hero represents a way of life which passes with his defeat. The strength of his defence is a measure of the greatness of the life style that he represented and that ceased to exist with his death. He is like the complex hero of the early epic tradition--the Beowulfs and Byrhtnoths. More will be said about Daulac's complex heroism and what it represents in the later discussion of the poem. In "War," the hero is merely a man who fights well. He is part savage, for his

...eyes are dim, nor wholly  
 Open to the golden gleam,  
 And the brute surrenders slowly  
 To the godhead and the dream.

(246)



"Dream" is a complex word in Lampman.<sup>8</sup> Here in "War" it expresses the notion of progress as well as that utopian state which lies at the end of progress. But the poem concludes pessimistically that the world will not grow wiser soon enough to avoid an apocalypse of sorts.

One more war with fire and famine  
 Gathers--I can hear its cries--  
 And the years of might and Mammon  
 Perish in a world's demise;  
 When the strength of man is shattered,  
 And the powers of earth are scattered,  
 From beneath the ghastly ruin  
 Peace shall rise!  
 (247)

It should be noted that in the summer of 1896 Lampman took his last canoe trip into the wilds he loved. It was to be a turning point in his life. On the trip he became ill and his health never returned. The trip to Lake Temagami took Lampman past the Long Sault rapids, a spot which seems to have fascinated him, for on the way home he tried to persuade a native guide to pilot him and his companions through the treacherous waters; even an offer of five dollars, however, was insufficient to make the man take leave of his sanity. A lumberman had drowned trying it a year earlier. They finally settled on running the rapids at Mattawa.<sup>9</sup>

On this same trip Lampman had a vivid experience with wolves. Connor describes it in his biography:



One morning, on the return trip, while cooking breakfast they heard wolves barking not more than a hundred yards from the camp. They were evidently chasing a deer which was making for water, but did not come in sight. It is a strange sound, half bark and half bay; a sound not only of pursuit but of summoning for the rest of the pack to join in the awful chase.<sup>10</sup>

It seems these scattered fragments came together in 1897-8 as an imaginative experience of the historical event. Lampman was depressed. His health was failing, and, although he was still young, he could feel death coming. The material was at hand, ready to be shaped into "At the Long Sault."

Without Daulac's defense at the Long Sault, no French Canada might have remained. The story of the defense has faded with time, but there is a harshness and brutality about it which still strikes a resonance in the national consciousness; it is the harshness of the event as well as the harshness of the landscape where it happened.

This combination brings out a new poetry in Lampman. In "At the Long Sault," Lampman ignores white brutality and focuses on Indian violence, but a close look at the period shows violence to have been common on both sides. Indians tortured prisoners by cutting off arms, legs, thumbs and fingers, by plucking out eyes and inserting hot coals, by hanging a white hot necklace of hatchet heads around the neck, and, finally, by burning at the stake. The missionaries, in



their Christian zeal, converted their captives before sending their souls to heaven by fire. The French were known to have extracted by torture the secret of the Iroquois attack from a captive before they allowed their allied savages to burn him.<sup>11</sup> Lampman may not have been aware of some of the more grotesque accounts of life and practise in early French Canada, but Bourinot's account is rugged enough.

### PROSODY

Daulac's defense took place against the harsh backdrop of the Canadian Shield and the "impetuous rapids"<sup>12</sup> on the Ottawa. The quality of repressed tension in much of Lampman's landscape verse finds a place in "At the Long Sault," but there is an uncomfortable reality---perhaps its historicity---about this event which affects both the prosody and the imagery of the poem.

Lampman's craft with prosody is outstanding. His poems exhaust the forms available to him, and in all of them his work is more than competent. In "At the Long Sault," the prosody can only be described in broad outline because of a lack of proper terms in which to deal with the more original touches found here. There is a formal structure in the first stanza which is abandoned in the scenes describing the defense and which seems to re-assert itself in the gentle flow of the anapests in the modified ballad stanzas which close the poem.



In the first stanza all lines rhyme in an irregular pattern. There seems to be no particular principle governing line length, but all lines which rhyme end in the same foot, and in some lines this principle involves the last two feet, or even the whole line. This stanza includes the beautiful reverie, which recalls Lampman's other landscape verse, and it is this relationship with nature which shows up in the interesting structure of this stanza.

In stanza two Lampman drops the rhythmic principle which united stanza one and uses rhyme to divide these twelve lines at the middle; rhyming "care" in line six with "despair" in line twelve. The first six lines describe the early part of the defense, where they drive off the overwhelming Indian hosts, and the last lines describe their heroism in the face of the despair their situation brings them, trapped in the fort without water and without an adequate food supply.

Stanza three describes the final assault with the powerful bull moose image, and here all organization except irregular rhyme seems to give way in the face of brutality. All lines in the stanza rhyme, with the exception of the first line. The first line rhymes with the first line of stanza two, linking the motion of the defense into a whole; the last line finds a half rhyme mate in the third last line. This suggests perhaps the finality of death after the heroic struggle.



Stanza four seems to be a modified version of stanza two. The rhyme patterns over the twelve lines in each stanza are similar, (not identical) and again rhyme is used to divide the stanza in half. The first half, up to "fought," describes the heroism and determination of the defenders, while the last six lines depict the slow physical exhaustion which finally defeated them.

Stanza five is a problem because it can not be linked with the rest of the main body of the text through its prosody. Three of nine lines are unrhymed, and the pattern of rhyme is very different from the earlier stanzas. It is, however, linked with the first stanza thematically, for the qualities of the landscape which are important in Lampman's other landscape poems re-assert themselves in the "song of the rapid" and the "soft wind" (both instances of the correspondent breeze) which come to the heroes, even though they can no longer appreciate them.

In general, Brown's reading of the four regular stanzas which close the poem seems to be good. He says these stanzas stress the value of the heroic act of seventeen alone in the wilderness. The formality of the anapests and the regular pattern of the stanzas suggest the peace which has been bought with violence,<sup>13</sup> but lest anyone think the peace is permanent the poem ends with a puzzling epigram to suggest



that the lurking danger has not disappeared.<sup>14</sup>

In the poetry which precedes "At the Long Sault" Lampman had been unable to combine the darker qualities of his social vision with the landscape, which retained the repressed quality of "Heat" and "The Frogs." Here the violence of man calls forth violence in nature in the striking image of the bull moose attacked by wolves. And again this image is called forth, in part, by historical facts. The fort was no more than "an old circular inclosure of logs."<sup>15</sup> The Indians were at least 700, and the defense lasted a week during which the Indians rushed the "little desperate ring," and fell back, "bleeding and torn," with heavy casualties, before they succeeded in the final, general assault of May 21. The only part of the image which does not have an historical counterpart is the movement of the moose (Daulac and his comrades were stationary), and his final fight trapped against a "wall of rock;" Lampman's image nevertheless succeeds; it is called forth by the character of the action it depicts.

All of which being said, "At the Long Sault" remains a difficult poem. Lampman's death deprived us of a final version with, as Brown observed, the craftsmanship and "high finish" of the best nature poems. Brown makes it plain that he and Duncan Campbell Scott did not feel their editing of the poem was exactly the final version Lampman would have



wanted, but rather that it produced "the most nearly definitive" version possible. There are problems in the poem that are difficult to resolve. Perhaps he could have loosened, or completed, the rhyme schemes. In stanza one we are told that the glade the men defend is "far" off in the forest where the "rapid plunges and roars." Later in the same stanza we learn that their wives and children are not at the defense, but in "the little frail-walled town, far away by the plunging stream." There could be accidental confusion of place in these lines; on the other hand it could be a matter of strong identification between the heroes, the town (their dream) and the sounds of wind and water. This will be stressed later in connection with the wind and rapid-song which arise after the comrades' death: sounds the Indians cannot appreciate.

### CRITIQUE

Since its posthumous publication in 1943, the poem has received a good deal of critical attention. Roy Daniells believes "At the Long Sault" is an unresolved nature poem and not a new departure:

Repeated readings confirm the impression that this poem, like Wordsworth's "Hart-Leap Well," is an account of violence in a context of the serenity and beneficence of nature and yet Lampman goes on to insist, in his evocation of the magnificent bull-moose, that nature itself is productive of cruelty and violence. The elements of the poem are not fully resolved;



it is fittingly, as published in 1943, an addendum to Lampman's major work; it is not an entrance into some region of more complex and mature sensibility than we find in the earlier nature poetry.<sup>16</sup>

Daniells's view of "At the Long Sault" springs from his conception of Lampman's work: nature is Lampman's medium, and social consciousness has little part in his poetry. Note:

As we consider Lampman's relation to contemporary issues and current ideas, we must be prepared to distinguish all along the line, between Lampman the man and Lampman the poet....Like Keats, who influenced him more than any of the other great Romantics and Victorians, his was primarily a life of sensation.<sup>17</sup>

I disagree with Daniells. To me, "At the Long Sault" moves in new directions in that it combines the tensions between the man and the poet, which are clearly visible in the social poems, in terms of the poet's relationship with the landscape. Daniells implies these tensions have no effect on Lampman's verse.

R. E. Rashley believes "At the Long Sault" is a poem of compassion. It is not concerned "with the heroics or drama of man's achievements but with compassion for his fate, a response to life which is not made elsewhere with such warmth, though the problem of death is characteristically resolved into a harmony of nature in the concluding lyric."<sup>18</sup> Duncan Campbell Scott believes the poem is, in part, a celebration of the poet's



relationship with the landscape of Quebec.<sup>19</sup> E. K. Brown, the Lampman critic whose views seem to merit greatest respect, believes the poem uses nature as a background for "the drama of life":

Nature is ... a background for man: the "picture of nature" has yielded before the "drama of life." More impressive yet is the lyric with which "At the Long Sault" closes. After the firm deep sound of the preceding lines, telling of the heroes' end, the swift gentle fall of the anapaests soothes the spirit, and persuades one to believe that the dark and terrible conflict by the river was no mere explosion of primitive force, that it was a reassuring act, preserving serenity and safety for Montreal, for Canada, and encouraging us to share that serenity and that safety. But lest we hold the sacrifice too cheap, the epigrammatic close is there to remind us of death--but also to suggest resurgence.<sup>20</sup>

"At the Long Sault" is a synthesis of Lampman's landscape poetry and his social vision. Lampman, like most other Romantics, saw himself in his poetry. This is certainly true of Richard in "The Story of an Affinity" and of the poet figures in "The City" and "The Poet's Song." Daulac's relationship to Lampman is similar to Manfred's relationship to Byron. "At the Long Sault" should be read as Lampman's final evaluation of his life and work. Perhaps Lampman saw himself in Daulac and his fate and recognized in the Indians those things which sapped his soul, and the soul of his fellow man. The last four quatrains are prophecy. Lampman sounds a warning about the future.



Any interpretation of "At the Long Sault" must contribute to an understanding of what Daulac and his comrades are defending. If they die for nothing, the poem is pointless. According to the poem they are defending:

the sleepless dream  
Of the little frail-walled town, far away by the  
                                plunging stream,  
Of maiden and matron and child....  
ALS (1)

The key word is "dream." It seems to sum up the relationship of man to nature, suggested by the "plunging stream" (the Ottawa and also the Lachine rapids near Montreal), as well as the life they lead with their families in that early natural setting. Like the ancient epic heroes, they are defending a way of life: their dream. "Dream" occurs twice more in the poem. When the heroes finally succumb

the world that had seemed so good  
Passed like a dream and was naught.  
ALS (3)

The main force of the word in this line is as a simile although there is some transference in meaning from the earlier use. Its last use in the poem is in reference to the people in Montreal and the rest of French Canada:

None dreameth tonight in his bed  
That ruin was near and the heroes  
That met it and stemmed it are dead.  
ALS (4)

The word here has no specific significance; it is an ordinary dream



The deeper meaning of "At the Long Sault" comes then, in part, from its use of the conventions of heroic narrative.

W.P. Ker in Epic and Romance draws a good distinction between heroic narrative (which is the foundation of epic) and romance as the two forms appear in medieval literature:

The two great kinds of narrative literature in the Middle Ages might be distinguished by their favourite incidents and commonplaces of adventure. No kind of adventure is so common or better told in the earlier heroic manner than the defence of a narrow place against odds. Such are the stories of Hamther and Sorli in the hall of Ermanaric, of the Niblung Kings in the hall of Attila, of the fight of Finnesburh, of Walter at Wagenstein, of Byrhtnoth at Maldon, of Roland in the Pyrenees. Such are some of the finest passages in the Icelandic Sagas: The death of Gunnar, the burning of Njal's house, the burning of Flungumyri (an authentic record), the last fight of Kjartan at Svinadal, and of Grettir at Drangey. The story of Cynewulf and Cyneheard in the English chronicle may well have come from a poem in which an attack and defence of this sort were narrated.<sup>21</sup>

Romance, on the other hand, usually tells of the meeting of two knights in single combat, with perhaps a final recognition and reconciliation. The knights may realize they "belong to the same household and are engaged in the same quest."<sup>22</sup>

In Lampman's poetry, the figures of Richard and Vantassel in "The Story of an Affinity" are descendants of the Romance tradition.

At the center of heroic epic and the shorter heroic narratives there is a sense of tragedy surrounding the death of the hero. It is a rule in heroic writing that the hero's



abilities be fully tested; and the limits of his powers are seen fully only when they are tested to the death. The hero in this literary tradition is usually the exemplar of a way of life which dies with him. This is particularly evident in "Beowulf" and "The Battle of Maldon." In "Maldon," one of Byrhtnoth's fyrd describes both the code of the hero and the inevitability of the defeat he must suffer when he says:

Hige sceal þe heardra, heorte þe cenre,  
mod sceal þe mare, þe ure maegen lytlað

(Mind must be the stronger, heart the braver, courage must be greater, although our strength declines.)<sup>23</sup>

The similarity between this tradition and "At the Long Sault" is obvious when one looks at Lampman's description of Daulac's defense and death:

So Daulac turned him anew  
With a ringing cry to his men  
In the little raging forest glen,  
And his terrible sword in the twilight whistled and slew.  
And all his comrades stood  
With their backs to the pales, and fought  
Till their strength was done;  
The thews that were only mortal flagged and broke  
Each struck his last wild stroke,  
And they fell one by one,  
And the world that had seemed so good  
Passed like a dream and was naught.

ALS (3)

On realizing that "At the Long Sault" is an heroic narrative, one asks oneself what "world" had "passed like a



dream and was naught?" It is the world in which man can commune with nature. To explain.

The poem begins with a ten-line overture describing a "limitless" landscape, of which the open "glade" where the defense takes place is a small part. The heroes' relationship to this small part of the forest, together with the sleepless dream of their loved ones, is what they are defending. The importance of the landscape in the defense can be seen in the active relationship of the landscape with the heroes. There is some sort of communion between the landscape and the men which is broken by death, and that communion, as I have hinted earlier, defined in terms of air-in-motion or breeze. Immediately upon their death:

Out of the dark the soft wind woke,  
 The song of the rapid rose alway  
 And came to the spot where the comrades lay,  
 Beyond help or care,  
 With none but red men round them  
 To gnash their teeth and stare.  
 ALS (3) (My italics)

In the second last quatrain Lampman underlines his concept of the death of Daulac and his comrades as the death of a relationship:

But afar in the ring of the forest,  
Where the air is so tender with May  
 And the waters are wild in the moonlight  
 They lie in their silence of play.  
 ALS (3) (My italics)



There is breeze in the "air (which) is so tender with May" and light in the effects of the moonlight on the water. Lampman underlines the finality of death through the contrast of the warmth of the first three lines with the coldness of the last line.

The Indians do not take part in this communion with the landscape. This is in keeping with the brutality of the historic accounts of the period. There is something uncomfortable about these times which troubles the sensibility and which seems to have troubled Lampman's also. The presentation of the Long Sault in Lampman's poem omits the more horrible details of the action, specifically the hideous tortures the Iroquois inflicted on the survivors of the defense and the more obnoxious practices of the early settlers.

Daulac's zeal and brutality become the basis of an active relationship with the landscape, and the Indians in the poem oppose that relationship. Just as Lampman transforms Daulac by stressing his relationship to the landscape as an important part of his defense, so Lampman transforms the brutality of the Indians into an inhumanity which alienates them from the landscape; which makes them break the bonds between Daulac and the landscape. In terms of their function, Daulac and the Indians operate in the same way as the unfortunate "mortal" and the machines in "The City of the End of Things," or the poet and the dull manifestations of urban life



in "The Poet's Song" or "The City." In each case the relationship of someone to his surroundings is destroyed by some thing. Indians are not the same as any of these things; but they do function similarly. If one were to assign adjectives to the process which alienates man from his environment in "The City of the End of Things," "The City," "The Poet's Song," the social passages of "The Story of an Affinity," "The Railway Station," and "At the Long Sault," one would say the process is monotonous and unceasing; it goes on day and night; it is a process of wearing away; the motion of the process is often circular; the light is usually a glare or a flame; and the sound is hideous and oppressive. The interested reader has only to look at passages from these poems cited earlier in the text for proof of this.<sup>24</sup>

The unceasing nature of the Indians' assault on Daulac is emphasized in "At the Long Sault:"

Ever before them, night and day  
 The rush and the skulk and cry  
 Of foes, not men, but devils, panting for prey....  
           ALS (1) (My italics)

And now as the days renew  
 Hunger and thirst and care  
 Were they never so stout, so true,  
 Press at their hearts  
 ....

In his little desperate ring; like a tired bull moose  
 Whom scores of sleepless wolves, a ravening pack  
 Have chased all night, all day ....  
           ALS (2) (My italics)



Lampman also emphasizes it is a process of wearing away in examples two and three above, but there are other examples:

Till, driven, and ever to and fro  
 Harried, wounded and weary grown  
 His mighty strength gives way  
 And all together they fasten upon him and drag him down.  
ALS (2) (My italics)

And all his comrades stood  
 With their backs to the pales, and fought  
 Till their strength was done;  
The thews that were only mortal flagged and broke....  
ALS (3) (My italics)

The circular motion of the process is stressed in the image of the bull moose hunted by wolves:

And he turns at last in his track  
 Against a wall of rock and stands at bay;  
Round him with terrible sinews and teeth of steel  
They charge and recharge; but with many a furious  
plunge and wheel....  
ALS (2) (My italics)

Circularity is evident in "The City" and "The City of the End of Things," and it is with the latter poem that a closer comparison can be made. The simile of the moose run to ground by wolves is the "first time (Lampman) effectively deals with one of the great creatures of the wilds which had been for him a world of woods and streams, birds and insects."<sup>25</sup> This image also supports the contention that there is a link between the Indians and the machines of Lampman's social



poems. Lampman states again that the wolves (Indians) attack "all night, all day," but it is the rhythm of the lines and the motion of the attacking wolves which draws attention. It is not the driving iambic tetrameter of "The City of the End of Things," but an irregular pattern of strong stresses with quieter passages interspersed. This accents the relentless attack of the wolves. The charging and recharging and the wheeling of the wolves is like the "ceaseless round" of "The City of the End of Things." This notion is reinforced by Lampman's picture of the moose as "charged and hemmed round by furious hands" at the beginning of this stanza. The wolves' "teeth of steel" confirm that Lampman had something very like his machine images in mind when he drew this natural picture.

But the Indians are more than replacements for machines in the natural setting; they suffer effects within themselves, and so are much more complex "industrialization" images than mere machines. This can be seen in the passage where the wind wakes and goes to commune with the comrades only to find them dead. The red men are present, but they can only stand around the "flame" of their campfires (a natural reflection of societal light) and "gnash" their teeth (this hideous sound is like the societal breeze) and "stare" stupidly. The Indians represent the process of industrialization on one level in terms of their effects on Daulac; on another level, their



debased humanity marks them as products of the system. The camp-fire teeth-gnashings, which are the triumph songs of the Indians, and their horrid cries can be profitably compared with the hideous "clash and clang" of cymbals in the golden palaces of "The City." In "The City," cacophony replaces harmony as the good men die. There are reflections of this same process in "At the Long Sault."

In "At the Long Sault" Lampman has taken an historical event and transformed it. A good deal of the brutality of early Canada has been cut away and replaced with a new level of meaning. The original significance of the event remains, but it is viewed through the eyes of a Canadian poet seeing himself in history. In history, Daulac had his life torn from him; but in the poem, his death is presented both realistically and metaphorically. The Indians still cut him down, but they cut his ties with the landscape as well. Not only that, the Indians are alienated from the ties with the landscape Daulac and his comrades feel. In its outlines, then, Lampman's account of the defense follows the historical account, but the things he emphasizes suggest the same process of attrition that destroys man's creativity in the social poems. There are two kinds of death in "At the Long Sault," and Lampman warns us that man's creativity, his relationship to the landscape, is not lost in one battle; only that an individual defeat may stave off a



more horrible disaster. That said, the ultimate result may still not be changed.

There could be some objection to this analysis because of the seemingly infrequent occurrence of motion images and particularly breeze and light images in this poem. However, objections should be made to statistical literary criticism on philosophical grounds. If one counts up the instances of a particular image in a poem and says that an image occurs only seven times in a poem of ninety-seven lines, and therefore that image is not a good key to the meaning of the poem, one is making the assumption that each image in the poem is of equal value. In other words, one is reading only like a statistician, unaware of anything except an image's presence or absence, totally unresponsive to its significance. The occurrences treated in the preceding discussion all fall at key points in the poem.

If one looks at the opening of "At the Long Sault" again with the preceding discussion in mind, as well as the discussion in the chapter dealing with Lampman's landscape, it should be instantly apparent that motion in general, and breeze and light in particular, are active and important in this passage. The landscape of "At the Long Sault" is the alive landscape that is so important to Lampman. The "earth" is in motion--it is "working." The flowers are pictured as



"springing." There is breeze in "soft spring night" ("soft" implying motion through its tactile connotations), and in the "sound and perfume of May." Light moves in the "bright" moon and the waters which "glitter and leap and play." These images may not have the force of the ones surrounding the comrades' death, but an awareness of the role motion and breeze and light play in the opening passage leads to a recognition of the supporting role they play at the climax. Discussion of "At the Long Sault" has proceeded from particular awareness to general analysis. If "At the Long Sault" is an heroic narrative, if the heroes' death has a deeper meaning, if motion in its many forms is significant, if the fragments of creation are to be read as outlined here, and if there is a relationship between the images as they are here seen to occur and the images studied in other poems, then this analysis helps explain a poem which until now has not been dealt with satisfactorily.

This thesis does not pretend to be an inclusive treatment of Lampman's verse. Rather, it should provide one of the tools for such a treatment. It has shown how things-in-motion, and particularly breeze and light, allow one to interpret a representative sample of Lampman's work, and, how, using these tools, one can explore several dark areas of a poem as complex and difficult as "At the Long Sault: May,



1660," which is obviously moving in directions new for Lampman. An understanding of breeze and light contributes to an understanding of how poems like Lampman's were written, and encourages a clear view of the forms in which they were created. A sensitivity to the complexity of such imagery as breeze and light in Lampman moves one to a new awareness of his craftsmanship in nature poetry and a new appreciation of his poetry as a whole.



## CHAPTER 1

### LAMPMAN AND THE CRITICS

#### FOOTNOTES

1

Leo Kennedy, "Archibald Lampman", Canadian Forum, XIII (May, 1933), 302-303.

2

Collin, The White Savannahs, 8.

3

Collin, 22,

4

F. W. Watt, "The Masks of Archibald Lampman", UTQ, XXVII (January, 1958), 175.

5

Louis Dudek, "The Significance of Lampman", Culture, XVIII (September, 1957), 279.

6

Dudek, 277.

7

Dudek, 278.

8

William Dean Howells, "Editor's Study", Harper's New Monthly Magazine, LXXVII (April, 1889), 822.

9

John Marshall, "Archibald Lampman", Queen's Quarterly, IX (July, 1901), 66.

10

Bernard Muddiman, "Archibald Lampman", Queen's Quarterly, XXII (January, 1915), 240.

11

Muddiman, 243.



12

John Sutherland, "Edgar Allan Poe in Canada", Northern Review IV (February-March, 1951), 30.

13

Roy Daniells, "High Colonialism in Canada", Canadian Literature, X (Spring, 1969), 9.

14

Raymond Knister, "The Poetry of Archibald Lampman", Dalhousie Review, VII (October, 1927), 352.

15

Desmond Pacey, "A Reading of Lampman's 'Heat'", Culture, XIV (September, 1955), 292-297.

16

Howells, 822.

17

S. C. Swift, "Lampman and Leconte de Lisle", Canadian Bookman IX (September, 1927), 261-264.

18

Lilly E. F. Barry, "Prominent Canadians: Archibald Lampman", The Week, VIII (April 10, 1891), 299.

19

Malcolm Ross, Poets of the Confederation, xiii.

20

Ross, xiii-xiv.



## CHAPTER II

### LAMPMAN AND THE RESTLESS LANDSCAPE

#### FOOTNOTES

1

References are by page number to The Poems of Archibald Lampman. Where poems only appear in At the Long Sault, the page reference will be preceded by ALS.

2

Carl Y. Connor, Archibald Lampman, 159.

3

Desmond Facey, Ten Canadian Poets, 129.

4

Malcolm Ross, Poets of the Confederation, xiii.

5

M. H. Abrams, "The Correspondent Breeze: A Romantic Metaphor", in English Romantic Poets: Modern Essays in Criticism, 37-54.

6

Abrams, 37.

7

Abrams, 37-38.

8

Connor, 72-73.

9

In Connor's biography there are indications that Lampman's sensitivity to color may have sprung from his life-long interest in art. At Trinity College Lampman became Scribe, a sarcastic historian in charge of compiling a twice-yearly manuscript. According to Connor, "One of the most interesting features of Lampman's work as scribe was the drawings, 'etchings' he called them, which besprinkled his pages. They not only were drawn with skill but showed powers of caricature and a keen sense of the ludicrous"(53). Later on, in Ottawa, Lampman took a keen interest in art. He had close friends among artists, including Charles Moss the Ottawa Painter. At about this time the National Gallery of Canada was forming in Ottawa and he



advocated a Government "appropriation of fifty thousand dollars annually for the purchase of Foreign Works of Art" (154) because he felt Canadian Painting would profit from International Models. From time to time he wrote reviews of the Annual Academy Exhibition in Ottawa.

10

W. E. Collin, The White Savannahs, 8.

11

John Marshall, "Archibald Lampman", Queen's Quarterly, IX (July, 1901), 63-79.

12

Bernard Muddiman, "Archibald Lampman", Queen's Quarterly, XXII (January, 1915), 233-243.

13

Huntley K. Gordon, "Canadian Poetry", Canadian Forum, I (March, 1921), 178-180.

14

Muddiman, 243.



### CHAPTER III

#### LAMPMAN AND SOCIETY

#### FOOTNOTES

1

Raymond Knister, "The Poetry of Archibald Lampman", Dalhousie Review, VII (October, 1927), 355.

2

Rudolf Arnheim, Art and Visual Perception, 333.

3

Carl Y. Connor, Archibald Lampman, 47.

4

Carl Y. Connor, Archibald Lampman, 52.

5

Roy Daniells, "Lampman and Roberts", in Literary History of Canada: Canadian Literature in English, 394.

6

Roy Daniells, "Archibald Lampman", in Our Living Tradition, 76.

7

W. E. Collin, The White Savannahs, 14.

8

Desmond Pacey, Ten Canadian Poets, 119-120.

9

Carl Y. Connor, Archibald Lampman, 84.

10

E. K. Brown, At the Long Sault, xxi.

11

E. K. Brown, On Canadian Poetry, 94.

12

Archibald Lampman, Letters to Thomson, 11.

13

G. H. Lewes, History of Philosophy, xxi.



14

Charles Darwin, The Origin of Species, 508-509.

15

E. K. Brown, At the Long Sault, xxi.

16

John Sutherland, "Edgar Allan Poe in Canada", Northern Review, IV (February-March, 1951), 22-37.

17

John Ruskin, The Genius of John Ruskin, 180.

18

John Ruskin, The Genius of John Ruskin, 181.

19

See Thomas Carlyle's Sartor Resartus. The Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh. Edited by Charles Frederick Harrold. New York: Odyssey Press, 1937, 164. In this chapter, "The Everlasting No", Carlyle's description of his spiritual agony is similar to Lampman's vision of hell in "The City of the End of Things" particularly in the use both of them make of a sense of being physically ground down by their environment. Both Carlyle's and Lampman's mills grind with a circular motion. Here is Herr Teufelsdröckh's description:

To me the Universe was all void of Life, of Purpose, of Volition, even of Hostility: it was one huge, dead, immeasurable steam engine, rolling on, in its dead indifference, to grind me limb from limb. O, the vast, gloomy, solitary Golgotha, and Mill of Death!

20

Duncan Campbell Scott, "Copy of a Letter by Duncan Campbell Scott to Ralph Gustafson", Fiddlehead XLI (Summer, 1959), 12-14. Referring to an article by Gustafson ("Among the Millet", Northern Review, I (February-March, 1947), 26-34.) Scott says he believes it is wrong to "fix Ottawa and its society as the only source of his (Lampman's) outlook on life" (12). His letter discusses the high quality of the intellectual climate in Ottawa in those years, and dismisses Ottawa as a mental model for something like "The City of the End of Things" because of its small size.



21

Leo Kennedy, "Archibald Lampman", Canadian Forum, XIII  
(May, 1933), 302.



## CHAPTER IV

### LAMPMAN AND THE NARRATIVE

#### FOOTNOTES

- 1 Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Selected Poetry and Prose of Coleridge, 7.
- 2 Duncan Campbell Scott, The Poems of Archibald Lampman, xxiv.
- 3 This passage falls in a section discussing Lampman's reading habits. Scott seems to be at sea throughout the paragraph. Lampman was a wide reader, he says, particularly in books of history and travel. He then goes on to list the "history and travel" Lampman read in his last year. He read The Ring and the Book, Jane Austen, Pindar, the Odyssey, the tragedies of Sophocles, and Matthew Arnold. I think Scott wants to make Lampman a man of the masses and fails.
- 4 Malcolm Ross, Poets of the Confederation, xiii.
- 5 M. H. Abrams, "The Correspondent Breeze: A Romantic Metaphor", in English Romantic Poets, 37-38.



## CHAPTER V

### LAMPMAN AND "AT THE LONG SAULT: MAY, 1660"

#### FOOTNOTES

1

E. K. Brown, "Archibald Lampman 1861-1899: What We Lost", Saturday Night, LXIV (February 8, 1949), 15.

2

The reference to the "blood curdling" readings of Campbell comes in a letter from Lampman to E. W. Thomson on July 5, 1897. In the letter Lampman describes his trip to Halifax with Campbell for a meeting of the Royal Society. Lampman mentions Mordred, a Campbell tragedy, in another letter dated June 6, 1894, in Bourinot's collection of Letters to Thomson.

3

Some Letters of Duncan Campbell Scott, Archibald Lampman, and Others. There is a letter dated February 18, 1895, from Sir John George Bourinot to Scott inviting him to one of Campbell's readings which was to take place at the elder Bourinot's home. Sir John says Lampman was to attend.

4

W. W. Campbell, Poetical Tragedies, 127.

5

Sir John George Bourinot, Canada, 149-151.

6

Sir John George Bourinot, Canada, 419.

7

P. F. X. de Charlevoix, History and General Description of New France, 33-34, n. 6.

8

There is a good discussion of "dream" in Roy Daniells, "Lampman and Roberts", in Literary History of Canada, ed. Carl F. Klinck, 389-405. Daniells's appreciation is valuable in dealing with the nature poems. Daniells believes the word is a summation of Lampman's response to nature, which, in Daniells's view, is not intellectual: "In his best poems he says least about the subject of his dreams; they seem to partake of sensations, of an



expansive feeling of peace and the resolution of all difficulties, but not to provide him with Shelleyan vision, Wordsworthian philosophy, or Arnoldian didacticism." There are places where this view is true; but I feel that Daniells makes too little of the word in the social poems; there the word "dream" does take on social and didactic overtones.

9

Carl Y. Connor, "The Last Canoe Trip", in Archibald Lampman, 177-188.

10

Carl Y. Connor, 184.

11

Francis Parkman, 124-125; and Marie de l'Incarnation, Word from New France, 240.

12

Sir John George Bourinot, Canada, 150.

13

E. K. Brown, At the Long Sault, xxiv.

14

This reading is, in part, my own. Brown feels the last lines of the poem also suggest resurgence, while I think they are threatening.

15

Sir John George Bourinot, Canada, 150.

16

Roy Daniells, "Lampman and Roberts", in Literary History of Canada, 396.

17

Roy Daniells, 394.

18

R. E. Rashley, Poetry in Canada, 77.

19

D. C. Scott, "Archibald Lampman", in Leading Canadian Poets, 99.

20

E. K. Brown, At the Long Sault, xxiv.



21

W. P. Ker, Epic and Romance, 5.

22

W. P. Ker, Epic and Romance, 6.

23

Anonymous, The Battle of Maldon, 61. The translation is my own.

24

"The Railway Station", 34; "The City", 42; "The Poet's Song", 46-47; "The City of the End of Things", 59-62; "The Story of an Affinity", 86-87.

25

E. K. Brown, At the Long Sault, xxiii.



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